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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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VOL. VII.

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THE VISION OF DON RODERICK—HALIDON HILL—  
BALLADS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



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THE  
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

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*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,  
Vox humana valet! — — — — CLAUDIAN.*





TO  
JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND  
TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE  
SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM  
(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK),  
COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER  
THEIR MANAGEMENT,  
IS  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
WALTER SCOTT.



## PREFACE.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of

**BUONAPARTE**; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President **BLAIR**, and Lord Viscount **MELVILLE**. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

### I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire  
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,  
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,  
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?  
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,  
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;  
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,  
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,  
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

### II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-powering measure,  
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,  
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,  
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;  
The thund'ring cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,  
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,  
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,  
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,  
A nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

## III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,  
 Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,  
 Timid and raptureless, can we repay  
 Debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?  
 Canst thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage  
 Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,  
 While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage  
 A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty band—  
 How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

## IV.

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast  
 The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;  
 Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their  
 rest,  
 Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;  
 Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,  
 That erst the choir of bards or druids flung;  
 What time their hymn of victory arose,  
 And Catteraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,  
 And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch  
 sung.

## V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,  
 As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,  
 When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,  
 Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;  
 If ye can echo such triumphant lay,  
 Then lend the note to him has loved you long!  
 Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,  
 That floats your solitary wastes along,  
 And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

## VI.

For not till now, how oft so'er the task  
 Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,  
 From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,  
 In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;  
 Careless he gave his numbers to the air,—  
 They came unsought for, if applauses came;  
 Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;  
 Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,  
 Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

## VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:  
 "Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,  
 Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,  
 Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;  
 If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,  
 Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:  
 Age after age has gather'd son to sire,  
 Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,  
 Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

## VIII.

"Decay'd our old traditionary lore,  
 Save where the lingering fays renew their ~~ring~~  
 By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,  
 Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring;  
 Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing,  
 That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,  
 Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,  
 And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,  
 Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.



## IX.

«No! search romantic lands, where the near sun  
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,  
Where the rude villager, his labour done,  
In some spontaneous chaunts some favour'd name;  
Whether Olafia's charms his tribute claim,  
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;  
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,  
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,  
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

## X.

«Explore those regions, where the flinty crest  
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,  
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast  
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;  
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes  
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,  
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws  
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain  
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

## XI.

«There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark  
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;  
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,  
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.  
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry  
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,  
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry  
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,  
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought  
and died.

## XII.

“ And cherish’d still by that unchanging race,  
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;  
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,  
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;  
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine  
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,  
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.  
Go, seek such theme!—The mountain Spirit said:  
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey’d.



THE  
VISION OF DON RODERICK,

---

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,  
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,  
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,  
As from a trembling lake of silver white.  
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight  
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,  
And nought disturbs the silence of the night ;  
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,  
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,  
Or distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp,  
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,  
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.  
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,  
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,  
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,  
Tissues of silk and silver-twisted sheen,  
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd  
between.

## III.

But of their monarch's person keeping ward,  
 Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,  
 The chosen soldiers of the royal guard  
 Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold;  
 Alike unlike their Gothic sires of old,  
 Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,  
 Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,  
 While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,  
 Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's  
 place.

## IV.

In the light language of an idle court,  
 They murmur'd at their master's long delay,  
 And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport:—  
 "What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,  
 To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?  
 And are his hours in such dull penance past,  
 For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"—  
 Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,  
 And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth  
 at last.

## V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent  
 An ear of fearful wonder to the king;  
 The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,  
 So long that sad confession witnessing:  
 For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,  
 Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,  
 When Fear, Remorse, and Shame the bosom wring,  
 And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,  
 And conscience seeks in speech a respite from De-  
 spair.

## VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,  
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd ;  
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,  
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold,  
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,  
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook  
That mortal man his bearing should behold,  
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,  
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's  
look.

## VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,  
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd ;  
And sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,  
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—  
“ Thus royal Witiza<sup>1</sup> was slain, ”—he said ;  
“ Yet, holy father, deem not it was I. ”—  
Thus still ambition strives her crime to shade—  
“ Oh rather deem 't was stern necessity !  
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

## VIII.

“ And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,  
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,  
And on her knees implored that I would spare,  
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain !—

<sup>1</sup> The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

All is not as it seems—the female train  
 Know by their bearing to disguise their mood :—  
 But conscience here, as if in high disdain,  
 Sent to the monarch's cheek the burning blood—  
 Hestay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

## IX.

“ O harden'd offspring of an iron race !  
 What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?  
 What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface  
 Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away !  
 For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,  
 Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast ?  
 How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,  
 Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,  
 He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be  
 lost ? ” —

## X.

Then kindled the dark tyrant in his mood,  
 And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom ;  
 “ And welcome then,” he cried, “ be blood for blood,  
 For treason treachery, for dishonour doom !  
 Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.  
 Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,  
 And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,  
 Where, if aught true in old tradition be,  
 His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see.” —

## XI.

fated prince ! recal the desperate word,  
 pause ere yet the omen thou obey !  
 nark yon spell-bound portal would afford  
 ver to former monarch entrance-way ;

Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,  
 Save to a king, the last of all his line,  
 What time his empire totters to decay,  
 And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,  
 And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."—

## XII.

—“Prelate! a monarch’s fate brooks no delay;  
 Lead on!”—the ponderous key the old man took,  
 And held the winking lamp, and led the way,  
 By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,  
 Then on an ancient gate-way bent his look;  
 And, as the key the desperate king essay’d,  
 Low-mutter’d thunders the Cathedral shook,  
 And twice he stopp’d, and twice new effort made,  
 Till the huge bolts roll’d back, and the loud hinges  
 bray’d.

## XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;  
 Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,  
 Of polish’d marble, black as funeral pall,  
 Carved o’er with signs and characters unknown.  
 A paly light, as of the dawning, shone  
 Through the sad bounds, but whence they could  
 not spy;  
 For window to the upper air was none;  
 Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry  
 Wonders that ne’er till then were seen by mortal  
 eye.



## XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,  
 Of molten bronze, two statues held their place;  
 Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,  
 Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.  
 Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,  
 That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;  
 This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;  
 This spread his wings for flight, that pondering  
 stood,  
 Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of  
 mood.

## XV.

First was the right-hand giant's brazen look  
 Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,  
 As if its ebb he measured by a book,  
 Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;  
 In which was wrote of many a falling land,  
 Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven,  
 And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—  
 "LO, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven  
 The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

## XVI.

E'en while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;  
 And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,  
 That right-hand giant 'gan his club upsway,  
 As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep  
At once descended with the force of thunder,  
And hurling down at once, in crumbled heap,  
The marble boundary was rent asunder,  
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and  
wonder.

## XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,  
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,  
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,  
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd :  
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,  
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye ;  
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,  
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,  
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd  
by.

## XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage  
Pass'd forth the bands of masquers trimly led,  
In various forms, and various equipage,  
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;  
So to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,  
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,  
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,  
And issue of events that had not been ;  
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard be-  
tween.

## XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeat'd female shriek!—

It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,  
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—

Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,  
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,  
The 'Tebir war-cry, and the Lelies' yell,  
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—  
«The Moor!» he cried, «the Moor!—ring out the  
Tocsin bell!

## XX.

«They come! they come! I see the groaning lands

White with the turbans of each Arab horde,  
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,

Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,  
The choice they yield, the Koran or the sword.—

See how the Christians rush to arms amain!  
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd!

The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—  
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause  
of Spain!

## XXI.

«By heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The scepter'd craven mounts to quit the field—

Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 't is mine!

But never was she turn'd from battle-line ;  
Lo ! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone !  
Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine !  
Rivers ingulph him !—"Hush," in shuddering  
tone,  
The Prelate said ; " rash Prince, yon vision'd form's  
thine own."—

## XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flyer's course ;  
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried ;  
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,  
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide ;  
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,  
As numerous as their native locust band ;  
Barbér and Ismael's sons the spoil divide,  
With naked scymitars mete out the land,  
And for their bondsmen base the freeborn natives  
brand.

## XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose  
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line ;  
Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,  
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine ;  
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,  
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,  
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine  
Echoed, for holy hymn and organ-tone,  
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering  
moan.

## XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies  
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,  
And hears around his children's piercing cries,  
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;  
While cruel conscience brings him bitter proof,  
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief,  
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,  
He curses earth and heaven—himself in chief—  
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

## XXV.

That scythe-arm'd giant turn'd his fatal glass,  
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;  
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,  
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;  
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,  
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,  
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,  
And on the land, as evening seem'd to set,  
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or mi-  
naret.

## XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,  
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,  
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of  
flame;  
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,

**DON RODERICK.**

Fill Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,  
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!  
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,  
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;  
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was  
her tone.

**XXVII.**

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—  
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;  
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,  
And many a monastery decks the stage,  
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.  
The land obeys a Hermit and a knight,—  
The genii these of Spain for many an age;  
~~This~~ clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,  
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

**XXVIII.**

VALOUR was harness'd like a chief of old,  
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;  
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,  
Morena's eagle-plume adorn'd his crest,  
The spoils of Afric's Lion bound his breast.  
Pierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage,  
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.  
Him follow'd his companion, dark and sage,  
As he, my master, sung, the dangerous Archimage.

## THE VISION OF

### XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the warrior came,  
In look and language proud as proud might be,  
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame,  
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud than he;  
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,  
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,  
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,  
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renown'd,  
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd  
the ground.

### XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR; peerless knight,  
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest.  
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,  
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,  
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;  
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong.  
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,  
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,  
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

### XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world,  
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;  
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,-  
Ingots of ore, from rich Potosi borne,  
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,  
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;  
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,  
Bespattered all with blood.—With grisly scowl,  
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath  
his cowl.

XXXII

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make  
 Tribute to Heaven of gratitude and praise;  
 And at his word the choral hymns awake,  
 And many a hand the silver censer sways  
 But with the incense breath these censers raise,  
 Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;  
 The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,  
 And shrieks of agony confound the quire,  
 While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes  
 expue

XXXIII

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,  
 As once again revolved that measured sand,  
 Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,  
 Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band,  
 When for the light Bolero ready stand  
 The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,  
 He conscious of his broader'd cap and band,  
 She of her netted locks and light corsette,  
 Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet

XXXIV

And well such strains the opening scene became,  
 For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,  
 And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,  
 Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to brook;  
 And soften'd BIGORRY, upon his book,  
 Patter'd a task of little good or ill.  
 But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,  
 Whistled the mulcteer o'er vale and hull,  
 And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille



## XXXV.

— Roy Royalty, grown impotent of toil,  
 Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold  
 And careless saw his rule become the sport  
 Of a loose female and her minion bold  
 But peace was on the cottage and the fold.  
 From court intrigue, from bickering faction far,  
 Beneath the chesnut tree Love's tale was told,  
 And to the tinkling of the light guitar,  
 Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening  
 star

## XXXVI

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand  
 When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,  
 Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,  
 Awhile, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,  
 While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,  
 Laming with purple and with gold its shroud,  
 Then darker folds obscured the blue scene,  
 And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud  
 Then sheeted rain burst down, and whulwinds howl'd  
 aloud —

## XXXVII

E'en so upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,  
 Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,  
 And Ht, then leader, wore in sheath his sword,  
 And offer'd peaceful front and open hand.

Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,  
 By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,  
 Until he won the passes of the land;  
 Then, burst were honour's oath, and friendship's  
 ties!  
 He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain  
 his prize.

## XXXVIII.

An iron crown his anxious forehead bore;  
 And well such diadem his heart became,  
 Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,  
 On check'd his course for piety or shame;  
 Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame  
 Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,  
 Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name;  
 Who, placed by fortune on a monarch's throne,  
 Reck'd not of monarch's faith, or mercy's kingly tone.

## XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came:  
 The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth  
 Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,  
 Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.  
 And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—  
 The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,  
 That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,  
 And by destruction bids its fame endure,  
 Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

## XL.

Before that leader strode a shadowy Form.

Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,  
With which she beckon'd him through fight and  
storm,

And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,  
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode;  
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not  
slake,

So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—

It was AMBITIO bade her terrors wake,  
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

## XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,

Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's ~~iron~~,  
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,

By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon;  
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,

As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd  
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:

No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,  
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend un-  
mask'd.

## XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed

With battles won in many a distant land,

On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;

"And hopest thou then," he said, "thy power shall  
stand?"

O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,  
 And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;  
 And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand!  
 Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,  
 And by a bloody death shall die the Man of Blood!—

## XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train  
 A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,  
 And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,  
 While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, «Castile!»  
 Not that he loved him—No!—in no man's weal,  
 Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;  
 Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,  
 That the poor puppet might perform his part,  
 And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

## XLIV

But on the Natives of that Land misused,  
 Not long the silence of amazement hung,  
 Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused,  
 For, with a common shriek, the general tongue  
 Exclaim'd, «To arms!» and fast to arms they sprung.  
 And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!  
 Pleasure and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,  
 As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,  
 When 'gainst his treacherous foes, he clench'd his  
 dreadful hand.

## XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye  
 Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,  
 Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,  
 And from his brow the diadem unbound.

So oft, so near, the patriot bugle wound,  
 From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,  
 These martial satellites hard labour found,  
 To guard awhile his substituted throne—  
 Light recking of his cause, but battling for their  
 own.

## XLVI.

From Alpujara's peak that bugle rung,  
 And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
 Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,  
 Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
 Galicia bade her children fight or fall,  
 Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,  
 Valencia roused her at the battle-call,  
 And foremost still where Valour's sons are met,  
 Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

## XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,  
 The Invaders march, of victory secure;  
 Skilful their force to sever or unite,  
 And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.  
 Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,  
 Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,  
 To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure:  
 While nought against them bring the unpractised  
 foe,  
 Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for free-  
 dom's blow.

## XLVIII.

Proudly they march - but O! they march not forth,  
 By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,  
 As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,  
 Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!  
 Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;  
 In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,  
 New Patriot armies started from the slain,  
 High blazed the war and long, and far and wide,  
 And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

## XLIX

Not unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,  
 Remain'd then savage waste. With blade and  
 brand,  
 By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,  
 But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band  
 Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,  
 And clam'd for blood the retribution due,  
 Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murder's  
 hand,  
 And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she  
 threw,  
 Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

## L

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,  
 Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,  
 How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,  
 Still honour'd in defeat as victory!

For that sad pageant of events to be,  
 Show'd every form of fight by field and flood;  
 Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,  
 Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,  
 The waters choak'd with slain, the earth bedrench'd  
 with blood!

## LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue  
 That names thy name without the honour due!  
 For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,  
 Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!  
 Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,  
 Each art of war's extremity had room,  
 Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,  
 And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,  
 They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody  
 tomb.

## LII.

Yet raise thy head, ~~sad City!~~ Though in chains,  
 Enthral'd thou ~~canst not~~ be! Arise and claim,  
 Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,  
 For what thou worshippest!—thy sainted Dame,  
 She of the column, honour'd be her name,  
 By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love!  
 And like the sacred reliques of the flame,  
 That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,  
 To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

## LIII.

Nor ~~there~~ alone such wreck. Gerona fair!  
 Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,  
 Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air  
 Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;

Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung,  
 Now brightly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,  
 Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,  
 And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,  
 While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

## LIV.

While all round was danger, strife and fear,  
 While the earth shook, and darken'd was the  
     sky,  
 And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,  
 Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—  
 As it was heard that thrice-repeated cry,  
     In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,  
 When'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,  
     Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,  
 And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be  
     light

## LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud  
 A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,  
 For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,  
 A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.  
 From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,  
 Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;  
 Motting the sea their landward barges row'd,  
 And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and s  
 And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial  
     cheer.



## LVI

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!  
 The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars  
 Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,  
 Legions on legions bright'ning all the shore,  
 Then banners rise, and cannon-signal rous,  
 Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,  
 Thrills the loud life, the trumpet-flourish pours,  
 And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb.  
 For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean  
 come!

## LVII

A various host they came—whose ranks display  
 Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,  
 The deep battalion locks its firm array,  
 And meditates his aim the marksman light,  
 At glance the beams of sabres flashing bright,  
 Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,  
 Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,  
 Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,  
 That rivals lightning's flash in run and in speed.

## LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,  
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown  
 For you fair bands shall merry England clum,  
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.  
 Her's then bold port, and her's their martial frown,  
 And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,  
 Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,  
 And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,  
 And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier  
 with the Laws.

## LIX

And Oh! loved warriors of the minstrel's land!  
 Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!  
 The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
 And harsher features, and a men more grave,  
 But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave  
 As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,  
 And when the pibroch bids the battle rive,  
 And level for the charge your arms are laid  
 Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset  
 stand!

## LX

Hark! from your titely ranks what laughter rings,  
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,  
 Hark! while each blithe comrade round him  
 flings  
 And moves to death with military glee  
 Boast, I'm, boast thou! ~~tameless~~, frank, and free,  
 In kindue's warm, and ~~ferce~~ in danger known,  
 Rough Nature's children, ~~humorous~~ as she  
 And He, yon chieftain—strike the proudest tone  
 Of thy hold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine  
 own.

## LXI

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,  
 On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,  
 And hear COUNNA wail her battle won,  
 And see BUSACO'S crest with lightning blaze —

But shall loud fable mix with heroes' praise,  
 Hath Fiction's stage for 'Truth's long triumphs  
 room'  
 And dare her flowers mingle with the bays,  
 That claim a long eternity to bloom  
 Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior  
 tomb'

## LXII

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,  
 And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil  
 That hides futurity from anxious hope,  
 Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,  
 And painting, I trope rousing at the tale  
 Of Spain's invaders from her confines hail'd,  
 While kindling nations buckle on their mail,  
 And I am, with clannish blast and wings unfurled,  
 To freedom and revenge awakes in injured world'

## LXIII

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast  
 Since Fate has mark'd maturity her own  
 Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,  
 The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.  
 Then, though the Vault of destiny be gone,  
 King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,  
 Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,  
 Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,  
 One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain'

## CONCLUSION

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### I

Who shall command I sticlla's mountain-tide  
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to his  
Who, when Gasconne's vex'd gulph is raging wide,  
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?  
His magic power let such vain boaster try,  
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,  
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,  
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagle's way,  
And they shall heed his voice and at his bidding stay

Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers  
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,  
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross  
Powers!—

Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,  
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke  
While downward on the land his legions press,  
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,  
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—  
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness

## III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,  
 Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the  
 land,  
 Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,  
 Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command'  
 No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand  
 An adamantine barrier to his force!  
 And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,  
 As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse  
 Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

## IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk  
 Hath on his best and bravest made her food,  
 In numbers confident, you Chief shall baulk  
 His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood  
 For full in view the promised conquest stood,  
 And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might sum  
 The myriads that had half the world subdued,  
 And hear the distant thunders of the drum,  
 That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc  
 come.

## V

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,  
 Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,  
 As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold  
 But in the middle path a Lion lay!  
 At length they move—but not to battle-fray,  
 Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight,  
 Beacons of infamy they light the way,  
 Where cowardice and cruelty unite,  
 To damn with double shame their ignominious flight!

## VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!  
 Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,  
 What wanton horrors mark'd their wrackful path!  
 The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,  
 The hoary priest e'en at the altar shot,  
 Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,  
 Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,  
 By which inventive demons might proclaim  
 Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name!

## VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,  
 With horror paused to view the havoc done,  
 Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch, forlorn,  
 Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.  
 Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son  
 Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;  
 Riches nor poverty the task shall shun,  
 Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,  
 Nor the poor peasant's ~~mine~~ nor bard's more worth-  
 less lay.

## VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate.  
 Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain?  
 Can vantage-ground no confidence create,  
 Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain?  
 Vain-glorious Fugitive! yet turn again!  
 Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,  
 Flows Honour's Fountain<sup>1</sup> as fore-doom'd the stain  
 From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—  
 Fall'n child of fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

<sup>1</sup> The literal translation of *Fuentes d'Honoro*.

## IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid,  
 Those chief that never heard the lion roar!  
 Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,  
 Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!  
 Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more,  
 Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole,  
 Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,  
 Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,  
 And weary out his arm — thou canst not quell his soul

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,  
 Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,  
 And front the flying thunders as they roar,  
 With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!  
 And what avails thee that, for CAMBRON slain,  
 Wild from his plumed ranks the yell was given  
 Vengeance and grief gave mount un-urge the rein,  
 And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,  
 Thy despot's grunting guards fled like the rack of heaven

## XI

Go, baffled Boister! teach thy haughty mood  
 To plead at thine imperious master's throne,  
 Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,  
 Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own,  
 Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown  
 By British skill and valour were outvied;  
 Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!  
 And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried  
 God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide

## XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,  
 How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,  
 His meed to each victorious leader pay,  
 Or bind on every brow the laurels won?  
 Yet hark my harp would wake its boldest tone,  
 O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;  
 And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,  
 Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave  
 Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave

## XIII

Yes! find the task, when Britons wield the sword,  
 To give each Chief and every field its fame,  
 Hark! Albion thunders BERSIORD.  
 And red Briston houts for duntless GRIM!  
 O for a voice of tumult and of flame  
 Bold as the bursting of their cannon-sound,  
 To bid the world re-echo to their fame!  
 For never, upon joy battle ground,  
 With conquests well-bought wreath were braver  
 Victors crown'd!

## XIV

O who shall ~~grudge~~ him Albion's bays,  
 Who brought ~~the~~ race regenerate to the field,  
 Rouse them to emulate their fathers' praise,  
 To spur'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,  
 And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,  
 And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,  
 And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—  
 Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,  
 If it forget thy worth, victorious BERSIORD!



## XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,

Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away  
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—

He gaged but life on that illustrious day,  
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,

Who fought like Britons in the bloody game  
Sharper than Polish pike, or assagay,

He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,  
And dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame

## XVI

Not be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide

Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,  
Whose wish He even for his country's weal denied

Danger and fate he sought, but glory found  
From chime to chime where'er war's trumpets sound,

The wanderer went, yet, Caledonia! still  
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground,

He dream'd amid Alpine cliffs of Athol's hull,  
And heard in Elbro's ~~o'er~~ his Lyndoch's lovely rill

## XVII

O hero of a race renown'd of old,

Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,  
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,

Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell  
By Wallace' side it rung the Southion's knell,

Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibber own'd its fame,  
Fumfrell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,

But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,  
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout  
of GRANEL!

## XVIII

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,  
    (With Spenser's parable I close my tale)  
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,  
    And landward now I drive before the gale  
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,  
    And Lucina now I see the port expand,  
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,  
    And, as the prow light touches on the strand,  
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land



## NOTES.

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### NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

#### NOTE I

*And Cattraeth's vales with voice of triumph rung,*

*And mystic Merlin hap'd and grey-hair'd Ilymarch sung* —P 8

This locality may **startle** those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the celebrated Ancren, is supposed by the learned Dr Leyden to **have been** fought on the skirts of Eborac forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

~~Had~~ **Had** I but the torrent's might,

~~With headlong~~ **With headlong** rage and wild affright, etc

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deira, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. 1 p 222.—Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Aigwood, in Cumberland, and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wylt, or

the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun indicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scots Chronicle, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drummelzier, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name *quasi Janulus Merlin* from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation to have putaken of his prophetic qualities. — There is one thing remarkable here, which is that the burn called Paisyhl runs by the east side of this church-yard into the Tweed at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave at the root of a thorn-tree, was shown me many years ago by the old and revered minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme to this purpose

When Tweed and Paisyhl meet at Merlin's grave  
Scotland and England shall ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> Mounch have

For the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with Paisyhl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out. PENNYCUIK'S *Description of Tweeddale*, Edin 1711, 4 p. 26

## NOTE II

~~High~~—where the lingering fays renew their ring,  
By milk maid seen beneath the hawthorn bon,

Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring —P. 9

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Chelwell is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and ~~it~~ was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pan was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

## NOTE III

—verse spontaneous —P. 16

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Biondi and other travellers.

## NOTE IV

—the deeds of Græme —P. 10

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my illustrious countryman, in order to apprise the southern reader of its legitimate sound, — Græme being, on the other side of the Tweed usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

## NOTES TO THE VISION

## NOTE I

—I saw Florinda plunder'd charms &amp; pay —P. 14

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Charyn Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik, the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltare, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some counte-

nance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Iphigeneia's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called The Cape of Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian woman, and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Iuhán, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay, for they never go in otherwise than by necessity.

## NOTE II

*Lead me, Priest, to that mysterious room,*

*Here if aught true in old tradition be,*

*His nation's future fate a Spanish king shall see — P. 16*

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more and more fabulous at each step from its original simplicity, is not all exemplified in the account of the United Chambers of Don Roderick as given by his namesake the historian of Toledo contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same ultimate discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Novus who seems to intimate (though very modestly) that the *fatale pelitum*, of which so much had been said was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

*Extra muros septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus, Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic fatale pelitum fuisse, quod invicti vectes, aterna ferri robori circumdant, ne reseritum Hispaniæ exadium adterret, quod in latris non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animus infelix curiositas subit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur, ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et incanos thesauros servari ratus. Scias et passulorum peritiam curit, multis omnibus nihil præter oculum reperit, et in ea linteum, quo explicato nova et insolentes hominum*

facies habitusque apparuere, cum inscriptione Latina, *Hispania excludam ab illa gente imminere*, Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam multitudinem insulare regi catevisque petisum, nec falso ut Hispania annales etnumum queruntur *Hispania Indorum Notis, cap. lx*

But about the terra of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada we find, in the *Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*, a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcaide Albucacim Larif Abentanique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish origin to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader —

One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo among some rocks was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure though much dilapidated by time, which consumed all four estades (i. e. four times a man's height) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a niche cut out of the solid rock lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks, above the gate some Greek letters were engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning were thus interpreted according to the exposition of learned men.

The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders will discover both good and evil things — Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting, many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within), they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unfeeling



destiny opened the tower, and some bold attendant whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall apparently built in a very sumptuous manner, in the middle stood a bronze statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king with his followers, somewhat reassured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall. And on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall. 'Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in evil hour. On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By sin and irations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs. And upon his breast was written 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall, and when the king sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-doing prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great and clamorous noise from the cave, resounding like the noise of a battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar, the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they

were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

The king having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified, and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified 'Time, and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo, those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would befall to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth. — *Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654 4 p. 73

#### NOTE III

*The Tecbir war-cry and the Lâche yell* — P. 20

The *tecbir* (derived from the words *Alla aubar*, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the *Sage of Damascus* :

We heard the *Tecbir*, so these Arabs call  
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal  
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest

The *Lâche*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the *Romance of Partenopex*, and in the *crusade of St Lewis*

#### NOTE IV,

*By Heaven, the Moors prevail! — the Christians yield!*  
*Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!*  
*The scepter'd craven mounts to quit the field —*  
*Is not yon steed Orelia? — Y'es, 'tis mine!* — P. 20

Count Julian, the father of the injured Leonida, with the con-

nivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibet al Tarick*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action :

« Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious, but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hope left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse, called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword; the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed is not known : I suppose they were so many it was hard to

count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—*MARIANA'S History of Spain*, book vi chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

## NOTE V.

*When for the light Bolero ready stand.*

*The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.*—P. 25.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

## NOTE VI.

*While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile."*—P. 29.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla*, *Castilla*, *Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

## NOTE VII.

*High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.*—P. 31.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion, may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of

persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroic Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

Respect for his great place—and bid the Devil  
Be duly honour'd for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily-adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them,—is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which

has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object (as undoubtedly it is a main one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war, such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

## NOTE VIII.

*They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb* — P. 32

The interesting account of *Mi Yughin* has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of *Zaragoza*. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1809, — a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative: —

A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses, but the French had been taught by experience that in this species of warfare the *Zaragozans* derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering *Zaragoza* was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and by this system of destruction they proceeded. The companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subtle and ruinous war, the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and according to the French statement their mines were every day discovered and suffocated. Meanwhile the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the first forty-eight hours' said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town, the stock of powder with which *Zaragoza* had been stored was exhausted, they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day, and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy: —

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in *Zaragoza*. To various causes, enumerated by the

annalist, he adds, "scarciness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil: the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Les Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewn with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekin-



ding fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours') upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or up-rooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects every where, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the property of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of *Carthago* and *Saguntum*; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."

#### NOTE IX.

—the *Fault of Destiny*.—P. 36.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Rode-

rick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgen del Sagario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

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### NOTES ON THE CONCLUSION.

#### NOTE I.

*While downward on the land his legions press,  
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,  
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—  
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*—P. 37.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture :

2. « A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick darknesse, as the morning spread upon the mountains : a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the

like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.

3. « A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. « The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. « Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. « Before their face shall the people be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. « They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. « Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.

9. « They shall run to and fro in the citie: they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. « The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining.»

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a « land barren and desolate,» and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having « magnified themselves to do great things,» there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena; Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

#### NOTE II.

*The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,*

*Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.—P. 39.*

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-1811, although they never fought but to con-

quet, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, etc. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery; rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity; and, in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

## NOTE III.

*Vain-glorious Fugitive!*—P. 39.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry (who were indeed many miles in

the rear), and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed « God save the King.» Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

## NOTE IV.

*Fainly thy squadrons hude Assuwa's plain,  
And front the flying thunders as they roar.*

*With frantic charge and ten-folds odd, in vain!—P. 20*

In the severe action of *Knaptes d'Honoro*, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fary. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre in hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own duty and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of

war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a *manceuvre*, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

## NOTE V.

*And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,*

*Wild from his plumed ranks the yell was given—P. 40.*

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says, the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

## NOTE VI.

*O who shall grudge him Albuquerque's bays,*

*Who brought a race regenerate to the field,*

*Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,*

*Tempor'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd.—P. 41.*

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge

which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been under-rated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

## NOTE VII.

—*a race renown'd of old,*

*Whose war-cry oft has wak'd the battle-swell.*—P. 42

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the friths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, « the hardy, wight, and wise, » is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycrankie is famous for the action between King William's ces and the Highlanders in 1689.

« Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired. »

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet be rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General name may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the victor of Barossa.

# HALIDON HILL;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH,

FROM

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

---

Knights, squires, and steeds, shall enter on the stage  
*Essay on Criticism.*





TO

JOANNA BAILLIE,

AT WHOSE INSTANCE THE TASK WAS UNDERTAKEN,

THESE SCENES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR'S

HIGH RESPECT FOR HER TALENT

AS WELL AS OF HIS SINCERE

AND FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THOUGH the public seldom takes much interest in such communications (nor is there any reason why they should), the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much esteemed friend. But instead of being confined to a scene or two as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The Drama (if it can be termed one) is in no particular either designed or calculated for the stage; so that in case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action (as has happened in similar cases), the Author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment.

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from PINKERTON'S *History of Scotland*, vol. I. p. 71.

“The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son; the

Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

« Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welch war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return, and perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon-hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed with the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English weapon of victory, and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy,

none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fight, and unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.' This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there existed an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of Scots were slain, and

near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious were Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calender, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason, for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement of that on the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great House of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed *Tine-man*, i. e. *Lose-man*, from his repeated defeats and miscarriages, and with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military

experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy, attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called *Tine-man*, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon, in the manner narrated in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following Dramatic Sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

### SCOTTISH

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

GORDON,

SWINTON,

LENNOX,

SUTHERLAND,

ROSS,

MAXWELL,

JOHNSTONE,

LINDESAY,

} *Scottish Chiefs and Nobles*

ADAM DE VIPONT, a *Knight Templar*.

THE PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.

REYNALD, *Swinton's Squire*

HOB HATTELY, a *Border Moss-Trooper*  
*Heralds.*

### ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD III.

CHANDOS,

PERCY,

RIBAUMONT,

} *English and Norman Nobles*

THE ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

# HALIDON HILL.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the rear-guard of the Scottish Army. Bodies of armed Men appear as advancing from different points to join the main Body.*

*Enter DE VIPONT and the PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.*

VIPONT.

No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—  
I have already brought your peaceful step  
Too near the verge of battle.

PRIOR.

Fain would I see you join some baron's banner,  
Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword  
That fought so well in Syria should not wave  
Amid the ignoble crowd.

VIPONT.

Each spot is noble in a pitched field,  
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.

But I shall find out friends. 'T is scarce twelve years  
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,  
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles  
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,  
Not all unknown to them.

PRIOR.

Alas there have been changes since that time;  
The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Grahame,  
Then shook in field the banners which now moulder  
Over their graves i' the chancel.

VIPONT.

And thence comes it.  
That while I look'd on many a well-known crest  
And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came,  
The faces of the barons who display'd them  
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they seem'd;  
Yet, surely fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,  
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,  
Young like themselves, seem like themselves unprac-  
tised—  
Look at their battle-rank.

PRIOR.

I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,  
So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet.  
And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon.  
Sure 't is a gallant show! The Bruce himself  
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer  
And worse appointed followers.

VIPONT.

Ay, but 't was Bruce that led them. Reverend Father,  
'T is not the falchion's weight decides a combat;  
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.

Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,  
And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,  
For when I parted hence for Palestine,  
The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

PRIOR.

Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland,  
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;  
'T is cowl-like mine which hide them. 'Mongst the  
    laity,

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle  
Before the grain is white. In threescore years  
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived  
Well nigh two generations of our nobles.  
The race which holds yon summit is the third.

VIPONT.

Thou may'st outlive them also.

PRIOR.

Heaven forefend!

My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes,  
Before they look upon the wrath to come.

VIPONT.

Retire, retire, good Father!—Pray for Scotland—  
Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,  
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.  
Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood,  
And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.

PRIOR.

Heaven's blessing rest with thee,  
Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country!  
[Exit PRIOR. VIPONT draws a little aside, and  
    lets down the beaver of his helmet.

*Enter SWINTON, followed by REYNALD and others, to whom he speaks as he enters.*

SWINTON.

Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the Regent  
Assign our band its station in the host.

REYNALD.

That must be by the Standard. We have had  
That right since good Saint David's reign at least.  
Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

SWINTON.

Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier.  
There is his place of honour, and there only  
His valour can win worship. Thou 'rt of those,  
Who would have war's deep art bear the wild sem-  
blance

Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,  
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,  
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.  
Yon steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;  
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

VIRONT (*advancing*).

There needed not, to blazon forth the Swinton,  
His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar  
Chain'd to the gnarled oak,—nor his proud step,  
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,  
Which only he of Scotland's realm can wield:  
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,  
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!

SWINTON.

Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross'd shoulder  
speaks you;  
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,

Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps-  
 VIPOXT (*unclosing his helmet*).

No; one less worthy of our sacred Order.

Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd my features

Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton

Will welcome Symon Vipont.

SWINTON (*embracing him*).

As the blithe reaper

Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe harvest

Lies deep before him and the sun is high.

'Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not?

'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the Boar-heads

Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,

Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

VIPONT.

Have with them ne'ertheless. The Stuart's Chequer.

**The bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's Lymphads,**

Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,

Rampant in golden tressure, wins me from them.

We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round them

A chosen band of lances—some well known to me.

Where 's the main body of thy followers?

SWINTON.

Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them all

That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle,

However loud it rings. There's not a boy

Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough

To bear a sword--there's not a man behind,

However old, who moves without a staff.

Striplings and greybeards, every one is here,

And here all should be—Scotland needs them all :

And more and better men, were each a Hercules,

And yonder handful centuplied.

VIPONT.

A thousand followers—such, with friends and kinsmen,

Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—

A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances

In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons, Sir Alan,  
Alas! I fear to ask.

SWINTON.

All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home

A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,

a Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you weep?

But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is heirless.

I'm an old oak, from which the foresters

Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me

Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush

As he springs over it.

VIPONT.

All slain—alas!

SWINTON.

Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,

John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the Axe—

Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,

My Fair-haired William—do but now survive

In measures which the grey-hair'd minstrels sing,

When they make maidens weep.

VIPONT.

These wars with England, they have rooted out

The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might win

The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,

Fall in unholy warfare!

SWINTON.

Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou named it;

But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts  
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been  
Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defence  
Of their dear country—but in private feud  
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,  
He with the Axe, and he men call'd the Ready,  
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath  
Devour'd my gallant issue.

VIPONT.

Since thou dost weep, their death is unavenged?

SWINTON.

Templar, what think'st thou me?—See yonder rock,  
From which the fountain gushes—is it less  
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?  
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They *are* avenged;  
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon  
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,  
In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,  
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon  
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,  
Which mingled with the rest.—We had been friends,  
Had shared the banquet and the chace together,  
Fought side by side—and our first cause of strife,  
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one.

VIPONT.

You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

SWINTON.

At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,  
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son,  
As due a part of his inheritance  
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,  
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of justice,



Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously  
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,  
Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,  
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,  
The Swinton and the Gordon.

VIPONT.

You, with some threescore lances---and the Gordon  
Leading a thousand followers.

SWINTON.

You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,  
He hath had grants of baronies and lordships  
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse  
His southern friends and vassals always number'd.  
Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dee and Spey,  
He'll count a thousand more.---And now, De Vipont,  
If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy,  
For lack of followers -- seek yonder standard --  
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it;  
There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,  
And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,  
As well as mine, thou wert---go, join his pennon.  
And grace him with thy presence.

VIPONT.

When you were friends, I was the friend of both,  
And now I can be enemy to neither;  
But my poor person, though but slight the aid,  
Joins on this field the banner of the two  
Which hath the smallest following.

SWINTON.

Spoke like the generous knight, who gave up all,  
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land  
To fight a Christian soldier---yet, in earnest,

I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon  
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,  
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and  
valiant;  
Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use  
His spurs too rashly in the wish to win them.  
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,  
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valour  
And temper it with prudence:—'t is the aged eagle  
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,  
With eye undazzled.

VIPONT.

Alas, brave Swinton! Wouldst thou train the hunter  
That soon must bring thee to the bay? Your custom,  
Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,  
Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

SWINTON.

Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:  
My part was acted when I slew his father,  
Avenging my four sons—Young Gordon's sword,  
If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there  
A pang so poignant as his father's did.  
But I would perish by a noble hand,  
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,  
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

*Enter a PURSUIVANT.*

PURSUIVANT.

Sir Knights, to council!—'t is the Regent's order,  
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly  
Before the royal standard. Edward's army  
Is seen from the hill-summit.

SWINTON.

Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[Exit PURSUIVANT.]

[To REYNALD.] Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up

Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,  
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge  
them.

I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon  
With aught that's like defiance.

VIPONT.

Will he not know your features?

SWINTON.

He never saw me. In the distant North,  
Against his will 't is said, his friends detain'd him  
During his nurture—caring not, belike,  
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tusks.  
It was a natural but needless caution :  
I wage no war with children, for I think  
Too deeply on mine own.

VIPONT.

I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon  
As we go hence to council. I do bear  
A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest,  
As well as Christian champion. God may grant,  
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,  
May make some peace betwixt you.

SWINTON.

When that your priestly zeal, and knightly valour,  
Shall force the grave to render up the dead.

[Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE II.

*The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the back ground, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.*

*Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. SUTHERLAND, ROSS, LENNOX, MAXWELL, and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the REGENT's person, and in the act of keen debate. VIPONT, with GORDON and others, remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the Stage. On the left, standing also apart, is SWINTON, alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Herald, etc. are in attendance.*

LENNOX.

Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my counsels ;  
I did but say, if we retired a little,  
We should have fairer field and better vantage.  
I've seen King Robert—ay, The Bruce himself—  
Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't.

REGENT.

Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message,  
Defying us to battle on this field,  
This very hill of Halidon ; if we leave it  
Unfought withal, it squares not with our honour.

SWINTON (*apart*).

A perilous honour, that allows the enemy,  
And such an enemy as this same Edward,  
To choose our field of battle! He knows how  
To make our Scottish pride betray its master  
Into the pitfall.

[*During this speech the debate among the  
Nobles seems to continue.*

SUTHERLAND (*aloud*).

We will not back one furlong—not one yard,  
No, nor one inch; where'er we find the foe,  
Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight him.  
Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,  
Who now stand prompt for battle.

ROSS.

My Lords, methinks great Morarchat has doubts,  
That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam  
Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard  
To halt and rally them.

SUTHERLAND.

Say'st thou, Mac Donell!—Add another falsehood,  
And name when Morarchat was coward or traitor!  
Thine island race, as chronicles can tell,  
Were oft affianced to the Southron cause;  
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,  
More than the weight and temper of their steel.

REGENT.

Peace, my Lords, ho!

ROSS (*throwing down his glove*).

Mac Donell will not peace! There lies my pledge,  
Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar.

MAXWELL.

Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western Border;  
Left I my towers exposed to foraying England,  
And thieving Annandale, to see such misrule?

JOHNSTONE.

Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Maxwell slander  
The gentle House of Lochwood?

REGENT.

Peace, Lordings, once again. We represent  
The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence  
Brawling is treason.

SUTHERLAND.

Were it in presence of the King himself,  
What should prevent my saying——

*Enter LINDESAY.*

LINDESAY.

You must determine quickly. Scarce a mile  
Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain,  
Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds of dust,  
Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and  
weapons clash—

And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound  
That waits on English war.—You must determine

REGENT.

We are determined. We will spare proud Edward  
Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward, Lords:  
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland! We will lead  
The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Standard  
Display'd beside us; and beneath its shadow  
Shall the young gallants, whom we knight this day,  
Fight for their golden spurs.—Lennox, thou'rt wise,

And wilt obey command—lead thou the rear.

LENNOX.

The rear!—why I the rear? The van were fitter  
For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.

SWINTON (*apart*).

Discretion hath forsaken Lennox too!  
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering  
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious  
Even to witness frenzy.

SUTHERLAND.

The Regent hath determined well. The rear  
Suits him the best who counsel'd our retreat.

LENNOX.

Proud Northern Thane, the van were soon the rear,  
Were thy disorder'd followers planted there.

SUTHERLAND.

Then, for that very word, I make a vow,  
By my broad earldom, and my father's soul,  
That if I have not leading of the van,  
I will not fight to-day!

ROSS.

Morarchat! thou the leading of the van!  
Not whilst Mac Donell lives.

SWINTON (*apart*).

Nay, then a stone would speak.

[*Addresses the REGENT.*] May't please your Grace,  
And yours, great lords, to hear an old man's counsel,  
That hath seen fights enow. These open bickerings  
Dishearten all our host. If that your grace,  
With these great earls and lords, must needs debate,  
Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement;  
Else 't will be said, ill fares it with the flock,

If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh.

REGENT.

The old knight counsels well. Let every lord  
Or chief, who leads five hundred men or more,  
Follow to council — others are excluded —  
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our conduct. —

[*Looking at SWINTON.*

Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following

Give you a seat with us, though yet unknighted.

GORDON.

I pray you pardon me. My youth's unfit  
To sit in council, when that knight's grey hairs  
And wisdom wait without.

REGENT.

Do as you will; we deign not bid you twice.

[*The REGENT, ROSS, SUTHERLAND, LENNOX,  
MAXWELL, etc, enter the Tent. The rest  
remain grouped about the Stage.*

GORDON (*observing SWINTON*).

That helmetless old knight, his giant stature,  
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,  
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem  
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of,  
But never saw with waking eyes till now.  
I will accost him.

VIPONT.

Pray you, do not so;  
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.  
There's other work in hand —

GORDON.

I will but ask his name. There's in his presence



Something that works upon me like a spell,  
Or like the feeling made my childish ear  
Doat upon tales of superstitious dread,  
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.  
Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well  
I'm bound to fear nought earthly — and I fear nought,  
I'll know who this man is——

[Accosts SWINTON.]

Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,  
To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,  
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine  
Is Adam Gordon.

SWINTON (*shews emotion, but instantly subdues it*).

It is a name that soundeth in my ear  
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call  
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;  
Yet 't is a name which ne'er hath been dishonour'd,  
And never will, I trust—most surely never  
By such a youth as thou.

GORDON.

There's a mysterious courtesy in this,  
And yet it yields no answer to my question.  
I trust, you hold the Gordon not unworthy  
To know the name he asks?

SWINTON.

Worthy of all that openness and honour.  
May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,  
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound  
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there  
But at your own request. This day, at least,  
Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment,  
As there's no cause I should, you had not heard it.

GORDON.

This strange——

VIPONT.

The mystery is needful. Follow me.

*[They retire behind the side Scene.]*SWINTON *(looking after them)*.

'Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his noble cheek,  
While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment  
Of curiosity, combined with wonder,  
And half suspicion of some slight intended,  
All mingled in the flush; but soon 't will deepen  
Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!—  
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators  
Suspend the motion even of the eye-lids,  
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,  
Approach'd the charged cannon, in the act  
To waken its dread slumbers.—Now 't is out;  
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,  
Who will nor seek nor shun him.

*Enter GORDON, withheld by VIPONT.*

VIPONT.

Hold, for the sake of Heaven!—O, for the sake  
Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain  
your father,  
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,  
And stand recorded as the selfish traitor,  
Who, in her hour of need, his country's cause  
Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong?—  
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's standard;  
Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's general;  
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foemen!

Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland,  
And think on nought beside,

GORDON.

He hath come here to brave me! — Off! — Unhand  
me! —

'Thou can'st not be my father's ancient friend,  
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slew my father

VIPONT.

You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought  
Of his high mind was with you; now, his soul  
Is fixed on this day's battle. You might slay him  
At unawares before he saw your blade drawn —  
Stand still, and watch him close.

*Enter MAXWELL from the Tent.*

SWINTON.

How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAXWELL.

As wild, as if the very wind and sea  
With every breeze and every billow battled  
For their precedence.

SWINTON.

Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil spirit,  
To mock their valour, robs them of discretion.  
Fie, fie, upon't! O that Dunfermline's tomb  
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore  
Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!  
O that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,  
Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!

VIPONT (to GORDON).

Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.

GORDON.

I see the giant form which all men speak of,  
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,  
Not the blood-thirsty look, that should belong  
To him that made me orphan. I shall need  
To name my father twice ere I can strike  
At such grey hairs, and face of such command;  
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion-hilt,  
In token he shall die.

VIPONT.

Need I again remind you, that the place  
Permits not private quarrel?

GORDON.

I'm calm, I will not seek—nay, I will shun it—  
And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.  
You've heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,  
The lie itself, hath flown from mouth to mouth;  
As if a band of peasants were disputing  
About a foot-ball match, rather than chiefs  
Were ordering a battle. I am young,  
And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,  
Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?

VIPONT.

Such it at times hath been; and then the Cross  
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause  
Won us not victory where wisdom was not. —  
Behold yon English host come slowly on,  
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,  
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;  
The leaders, in their places, each prepared  
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune  
Of changeful battle needs:—then look on ours,

Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges  
Which the winds wake at random. Look on both,  
And dread the issue ;—yet there might be succour.

GORDON.

We're fearfully o'ermatch'd in discipline ;  
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.  
What succour save in heaven ?

VIPONT.

Heaven acts by human means. The artist's skill  
Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts,  
Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom,  
And skill enough, live in one leader here,  
As, flung into the balance, might avail  
To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host  
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

GORDON.

I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is yonder,  
Arranged as closely as the English discipline  
Hath marshall'd their best files ?

VIPONT.

Know'st thou not the pennon ?  
One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely.—  
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.

GORDON.

These, then, are his,—the relics of his power ;  
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—  
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,  
And crush by numbers that determined handful,  
When most my country needs their practised aid,  
Or men will say, « There goes degenerate Gordon ;  
« His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,  
And his is in his scabbard !» [Muses.]

VIPONT (*apart*).

High blood and mettle, mix'd with early wisdom,  
Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive  
This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my word,  
That, in the ruin which I now forebode,  
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he eyes  
Each look and step of Swinton! Is it hate,  
Or is it admiration, or are both  
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze?

[SWINTON and MAXWELL return from the bottom  
of the Stage.

MAXWELL.

The storm is laid at length amongst these counsellors; —  
See, they come forth.

SWINTON.

And it is more than time;  
For I can mark the vanguard archery  
Handling their quivers—bending up their bows.

*Enter the REGENT and Scottish Lords.*

REGENT.

Thus shall it be then, since we may no better,  
And, since no lord will yield one jot of way  
To this high urgency, or give the vanguard  
Up to another's guidance, we will abide them  
Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd,  
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,  
Nor noble, can complain of the precedence  
Which chance has thus assign'd him.

SWINTON (*apart*).

O, sage discipline,

That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle !

GORDON.

Move him to speech, De Vipont.

VIPONT.

Move *him* !—Move whom ?

GORDON.

Even him, whom, but brief space since,  
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.

VIPONT.

I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to them,  
They lack thy counsel sorely.

SWINTON.

Had I the thousand spears which once I led,  
I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom  
Is rated by their means. From the poor leader  
Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight ?

GORDON (*steps forward*).

Swinton, there's that of wisdom on thy brow,  
And valour in thine eye, and that of peril  
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—  
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,  
For king and country's sake !

SWINTON.

Nay, if that voice commands me, speak I will ;  
It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.

REGENT.

(*To LENNOX, with whom he has been consulting*).

'Tis better than you think. This broad hill-side  
Affords fair compass for our power's display,  
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers ;  
So that the rear-ward stands as fair and open—

SWINTON.

As e'er stood mark before an English archer,

REGENT.

Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare impeach  
Our rule of discipline?

SWINTON.

A poor Knight of these Marches, good my lord ;  
Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here,  
He and his ancestry since the old days  
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

REGENT.

You have brought here, even to this pitched field,  
In which the royal banner is display'd,  
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swinton :  
Our musters name no more.

SWINTON.

I brought each man I had ; and chief, or earl,  
Thane, duke, or dignitary, brings no more :  
And with them brought I what may here be useful—  
An aged eye, which, what in England, Scotland,  
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles,  
And ta'en some judgment of them ; a stark hand too,  
Which plays as with a straw with this same mace,—  
Which if a young arm here can wield more lightly,  
I never more will offer word of counsel.

LENNOX.

Hear him, my lord ; it is the noble Swinton—  
He hath had high experience.

MAXWELL.

He is noted  
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway—  
I do beseech you hear him.



JOHNSTONE.

Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout old Sir Alan;  
Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.

REGENT.

Where's your impatience now?  
Late you were all for battle, would not hear  
Ourself pronounce a word—and now you gaze  
On yon old warrior, in his antique armour,  
As if he were arisen from the dead,  
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

SWINTON.

'Tis a proud word to speak; but he who fought  
Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,  
Without communication with the dead,  
At what he would have counsell'd.—Bruce had bidden ye

Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly  
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark  
Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down  
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath --  
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day  
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,  
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,  
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,  
While on our mainward, and upon the rear,  
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts,  
And, though blind men discharge them, find a mark.  
Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer,  
Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease  
By boys and women, while they toss aloft  
Ardly and in vain their branchy horns,  
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.

REGENT.

Tush, tell not me ! If their shot fall like hail,  
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.

SWINTON.

Never did armourer temper steel on stithy  
That made sure fence against an English arrow ;  
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good  
Against a wasp-sting.

REGENT.

Who fears a wasp-sting ?

SWINTON.

I, my lord, fear none :  
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,  
Or he may smart for it.

REGENT.

We'll keep the hill ; it is the vantage-ground  
When the main battle joins.

SWINTON.

It ne'er will join, while their light archery  
Can foil our spear-men and our barbed horse.  
To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat  
When he can conquer riskless, is to deem  
Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe  
In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my lord,  
With the main body, if it is your pleasure ;  
But let a body of your chosen horse  
Make execution on yon waspish archers.  
I've done such work before, and love it well ;  
If 't is your pleasure to give me the leading,  
• The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale  
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,

And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Bannock-  
burn,—

And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,  
Forget that stirring word!—knows *that* great battle  
Even thus was fought and won.

LENNOX.

This is the shortest road to bandy blows;  
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,  
Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,  
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,  
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,  
At the close tug shall foil the short-breathed Southron.

SWINTON.

I do not say the field will thus be won;  
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal;  
Their monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,  
Skill'd, resolute, and wary—

REGENT.

And if your scheme secure not victory,  
What does it promise us?

SWINTON.

This much at least,—  
Darkling we shall not die; the peasant's shaft,  
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,  
Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive  
From those famed ancestors, who made their breasts  
This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.  
We'll meet these Southrons bravely hand to hand,  
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;  
Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him.  
While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,  
And our good hands to these good blades are faithful,

Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—  
We shall not bleed alone.

REGENT.

And this is all  
Your wisdom hath devised!

SWINTON.

Not all; for I would pray you, noble lords  
(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might),  
For this one day to charm to ten hours rest  
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,  
That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe  
Save Edward and his host—days will remain,  
Ay, days by far too many will remain,  
To avenge old feuds or struggles for precedence;—  
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,  
If there is any here may claim from me  
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,  
My life is his to-morrow unresisting,  
So he to-day will let me do the best  
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country  
That's mother to us both.

[GORDON shows much emotion during this  
and the preceding speech of SWINTON.]

REGENT.

It is a dream—a vision!—if one troop  
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,  
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank  
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!  
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our  
sword?

HERALD.

Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay,

And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.

REGENT.

Gordon, stand forth.

GORDON.

I pray your grace, forgive me.

REGENT.

How ! seek you not for knighthood ?

GORDON.

I do thirst for't.

But, pardon me — 'tis from another sword.

REGENT.

It is your Sovereign's, — seek you for a worthier ?

GORDON.

Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,  
How small soever — not the general stream,  
Though it be deep and wide. My lord, I seek  
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon  
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,  
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.  
— Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,  
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [Kneels.

REGENT.

Degenerate boy ! Abject at once and insolent ! —  
See, lords, he kneels to him that slew his father !

GORDON (*starting up*).

Shame be on him who speaks such shameful word !  
Shame be on him whose tongue would sow dissension,  
When most the time demands that native Scotsmen  
Forget each private wrong !

SWINTON (*interrupting him*).

Youth, since you crave me  
To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you

War has its duties, Office has its reverence ;  
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign,—  
Grave the Lord Regent's pardon.

GORDON.

You task me justly, and I crave his pardon,

[*Bows to the REGENT.*

His and these noble lords'; and pray them all  
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence,  
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton  
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,  
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge ;  
By no base fear or composition moved,  
But by the thought, that in our country's battle  
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him  
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,  
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood.

SWINTON (*affected, and drawing his sword*).

Alas ! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,  
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword  
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point  
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—  
Trumpets be ready—In the holiest name,  
And in our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,

[*Touching his shoulder with the sword.*

I dub thee Knight ! Arise, Sir Adam Gordon !  
Be faithful, brave, and O be fortunate,  
Should this ill hour permit !

[*The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry,  
"Largesse !" and the Attendants shout,  
"A Gordon ! A Gordon !"*

REGENT.

Beggars and flatterers ! Peace, peace, I say !

We'll to the standard; knights shall there be made  
Who will with better reason crave your clamour.

LENNOX.

What of Swinton's counsel?

Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.

REGENT (*with concentrated indignation*).

Let the best knight, and let the sagest leader—  
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,—  
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,  
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,  
With his fair three-score horse. As for ourselves,  
We will not peril aught upon the measure.

GORDON.

Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan  
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls  
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him  
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner  
In this achievement.

REGENT.

Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece.  
Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel,  
Since none will list to mine.

ROSS.

The Border cockerel fain would be on horseback;  
'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight;  
And this comes of it to give Northern lands  
To the false Norman blood.

GORDON.

Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within my stalls  
Have two hundred horse; two hundred riders  
Count guard upon my castle, who would tread  
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,

Nor count it a day's service.

SWINTON.

Hear I this  
From thee, young man, and on the day of battle?  
And to the brave MacDonell?

GORDON.

'Twas he that urged me; but I am rebuked.

REGENT.

He crouches like a leash-hound to his master!

SWINTON.

Each hound must do so that would head the deer—  
'Tis mongrel curs which snatch at mate or master.

REGENT.

Too much of this.—Sirs, to the Royal Standard!  
I bid you, in the name of good King David.  
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King  
David!

[*The REGENT and the rest go off, and the  
Scene closes. Manent GORDON, SWINTON,  
and VIPONT, with REYNALD and fol-  
lowers. LENNOX follows the REGENT;  
but returns and addresses SWINTON.*]

LENNOX.

O, were my western-horsemen but come up,  
I would take part with you!

SWINTON.

Better that you remain.  
They lack discretion; such grey head as yours  
May best supply that want.  
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd lord,  
Farewell, I think, for ever!



LENNOX.

Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell, noble Gordon.  
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—  
The Regent will not aid you.

SWINTON.

We will so bear us, that as soon the blood-bound  
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his comrade  
Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,  
And see us overmatch'd.

LENNOX.

Alas! thou dost not know how mean his pride is,  
How strong his envy.

SWINTON.

Then will we die, and leave the shame with him.

[Exit LENNOX.]

VIPONT (to GORDON).

What ails thee, noble youth? What means this  
pause?—

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

GORDON.

I have been hurried on by a strong impulse,  
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,  
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,  
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not forgiven?  
And am I not still fatherless?

SWINTON.

Gordon, no;  
while we live, I am a father to thee.

GORDON.

Ou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.

SWINTON.

change the phrase, and say, that while we live,

Gordon shall be my son.—If thou art fatherless,  
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon,  
Our death-feud was not like the household fire,  
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,  
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.  
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,  
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem,  
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,  
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters.  
But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd for ever:  
And Spring shall hide the track of devastation,  
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.

GORDON.

My hand and heart!—And freely now—to fight!

VIPONT.

How will you act? [*To SWINTON.*] The Gordon's band  
and thine

Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn.

Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost!

SWINTON.

We'll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend  
Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be.  
O, for a well-skill'd guide!

HOB HATTELY *starts up from a Thicket.*

HOB.

So here he stands.—An ancient friend, Sir Alan.  
Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,  
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.

SWINTON.

An ancient friend!—A most notorious knave,  
Whose throat I've destined to the dodder'd oak  
Before my castle, these ten months and more,

Was it not you, who drove from Simprim-mains,  
And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?

HOB.

What then? if now I lead your sixty lances  
Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil  
Is worth six hundred beeves?

SWINTON.

Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee  
With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,  
And all my followers, on thine honest guidance.

HOB.

There is a dingle, and a most discreet one  
(I've trod each step by star-light), that sweeps round  
The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly  
Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve  
Your present turn, Sir Alan?

SWINTON.

Bravely, bravely!

GORDON.

Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan.  
Let all who love the Gordon follow me!

SWINTON.

Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.  
Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—  
The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,  
The dew-drop from the spray—  
Let no one whisper, until I cry, «Havoc!»  
Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hob;  
On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. PERCY, CHANDOS, RIBAUMONT, and other English and Norman Nobles are grouped on the Stage.*

PERCY.

The Scots still keep the hill—The sun grows high.  
Would that the charge would sound !

CHANDOS.

Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—Who comes  
here ?

*Enter the ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.*

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow,  
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves !  
See, he's about to bleat.

ABBOT.

The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

CHANDOS.

Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher,  
Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.

ABBOT.

The metaphor is decent.

CHANDOS.

Reverend sir,  
I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward  
Will presently come to this battle-field,  
And speak to you of the last tilting-match,  
Or of some feat he did a twenty years since;  
But not a word of the day's work before him.  
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,  
Sits prosing o'er his can, until the trap fall,  
Announcing that the vermin are secured,  
And then 'tis up, and on them.

PERCY.

Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a licence.

CHANDOS.

Percy, I am a necessary evil.  
King Edward would not want me, if he could,  
And could not, if he would. I know my value;  
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.  
So men wear weighty swords in their defence,  
Although they may offend the tender shin,  
When the steel-boot is doff'd.

ABBOT.

My Lord of Chandos,  
This is but idle speech on brink of battle,  
When Christian men should think upon their sins;  
For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,  
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,  
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house,  
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton;  
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church  
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee  
In most paternal sort.

CHANDOS.

I thank you, Father, filially.  
Though but a truant son of Holy Church,  
I would not chuse to undergo her censures,  
When Scottish blades are waving at my throat.  
I'll make fair composition.

ABBOT.

No composition; I'll have all or none.

CHANDOS.

None, then—'T is soonest spoke.—I'll take my chance,  
And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,  
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—  
My hour may not be come.

ABBOT.

Impious—impenitent—

PERCY.

Hush! the King—the King!

*Enter KING EDWARD, attended by BALIOL, and others.*

KING (*apart to CHANDOS*).

Hark hither, Chandos!—Have the Yorkshire archers  
Yet join'd the vanguard?

CHANDOS.

They are marching thither.

KING EDWARD.

Bid them make haste, for shame—send a quick  
rider.—

The loitering knaves, were it to steal my venison,  
Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir Abbot?  
• Say, is your Reverence come to study with us  
The princely art of war?

ABBOT.

I've had a lecture from my Lord of Chandos,  
In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.

KING EDWARD.

Chandos, how's this?

CHANDOS.

O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping Scots  
Have changed a dozen times 't wixt Bruce and Baliol,  
Quitting each House when it began to totter;  
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too, as rats,  
And we, as such, will smoke them in their fastnesses.

KING EDWARD.

These rats have seen your back, my Lord of Chandos,  
And noble Percy's too.

PERCY.

Ay; but the mass which now lies weltering  
On yon lull side, like a Leviathan  
That's stranded on the shallows, then had soul in't,  
Order and discipline, and power of action.  
Now 't is a headless corpse, which only shows,  
By wild convulsions, that some life remains in't.

KING EDWARD.

True, they had once a head; and 't was a wise  
Although a rebel head.

ABBOT (*bowing to the KING*).

Would he were here! we should find one to match  
him.

KING EDWARD.

'Tis something in that wish which wakes an echo  
In my bosom. Yet it is as well,  
Or better, that The Bruce is in his grave.  
We have enough of powerful foes on earth,

No need to summon them from other worlds.

PERCY.

Your Grace ne'er met The Bruce?

KING EDWARD.

Never himself; but, in my earliest field,  
I did encounter with his famous captains,  
Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd me hard.

ABBOT.

My liege, if I might urge you with a question.  
Will the Scots fight to-day?

KING EDWARD (*sharply*).

Go look your breviary.

CHANDOS (*apart*).

The Abbot has it—Edward will not answer  
On that nice point. We must observe his humour.—

| *Addresses the KING.*

Your first campaign, my liege?—That was in Weat-  
dale,

When Douglas gave our camp yon midnight ruffle,  
And turn'd men's beds to biers.

KING EDWARD.

Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays,

And slept not in mine armour: my safe rest  
Was startled by the cry of Douglas! Douglas!

And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,  
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.

It was a churchman saved me—my stout chaplain,  
Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up,  
And grappled with the giant.—How now, Louis?



*Enter an Officer, who whispers the KING.*

KING EDWARD.

Say to him,—thus—and thus— - *[Whispers.]*

ABBOT.

That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours reported,  
Bound homeward from Saint Ninian's pilgrimage,  
The Lord of Gordon slew him.

PIRCY.

Father, and if your house stood on our borders,  
You might have cause to know that Swinton lives,  
And is on horseback yet.

CHANDOS.

He slew the Gordon,  
That's all the difference—a very trifle.

ABBOT.

Trusting to those who wage a war more noble  
Than with the arm of flesh.

CHANDOS (*apart*).

The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the sores for him.--  
(*Aloud.*) I have used that arm of flesh,  
And used it sturdily—most reverend Father,  
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms  
In the King's tent at Weardale?

ABBOT.

It was most sinful, being against the canon  
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;  
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,  
Perchance his soul may rue it.

KING EDWARD (*overhearing the last words*).

Who may rue?

What is to be rued?

CHANDOS (*apart*).

I'll match his Reverence for the tithes of Everingham.  
 --The Abbot says, my liege, the deed was sinful  
 By which your chaplain, wielding secular weapons,  
 Secured your Grace's life and liberty,  
 And that he suffers for't in purgatory.

KING EDWARD (*to the ABBOT*).

Say'st thou my chaplain is in purgatory?

ABBOT.

It is the canon speaks it, good my liege.

KING EDWARD.

In purgatory! thou shalt pray him out on't  
 Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.

ABBOT.

My Lord, perchance his soul is past the aid  
 Of all the church may do—there is a place  
 From which there's no redemption;

KING EDWARD.

And if I thought my faithful chaplain there,  
 I thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch.  
 fast, pray,

And let me have such prayers as will storm Heaven—  
 None of your maim'd and mutter'd hunting masses.

ABBOT (*apart to CHANDOS*).

For God's sake, take him off.

CHANDOS.

Wilt thou compound, then,  
 The tithes of Everingham!

KING EDWARD.

I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys of Heaven,  
 Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them  
 'Gainst any well deserving English subject.

ABBOT (*to CHANDOS*).

We will compound, and grant thee, too, a share  
I' the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much.  
And greatly 'twill avail thee.

CHANDOS.

Enough we're friends, and when occasion serves  
I will strike in—

*[Looks as if towards the Scottish Army]*

KING EDWARD.

Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul,  
If thou knowest aught on't, in the evil place?

CHANDOS.

My liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd the meadow

I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood

KING EDWARD.

Then give the signal instant! We have lost  
But too much time already.

ABBOT.

My liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul—

KING EDWARD.

To hell with it, and thee! Is this a time  
To speak of monks and chaplains?

*[Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a distant sound of Bugles.]*

See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!

See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,  
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,  
Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English  
hearts!

How close they shoot together!—as one eye  
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand  
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

PERCY.

The thick volley  
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

KING EDWARD.

It falls on those shall see the sun no more.  
The winged, the resistless plague is with them.  
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,  
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him!  
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.  
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,  
Unerring as his scythe.

PERCY.

Horses and riders are going down together.  
'T is almost pity to see nobles fall,  
And by a peasant's arrow.

BALIOL.

I could weep them,  
Although they are my rebels.

CHANDOS (*aside to PERCY*).

His conquerors, he means, who cast him out  
From his usurp'd kingdom.—(*Aloud*) 'T is the worst  
of it,

That knights can claim small honour in the field  
Which archers win, unaided by our lances.

KING EDWARD.

The battle is not ended. (*Looks towards the field.*  
Not ended!—scarce begun! What horse are these.  
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

PERCY.

'They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen Isabel.

KING EDWARD (*hastily*).

Hainaulters!—thou art blind—wear Hainaulters  
Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they charge  
Full on our archers, and make havoc of them?—  
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—  
Who was't survey'd the ground?

RIBAUMONT.

Most royal liege—

KING EDWARD.

A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet, Ribaumont.

RIBAUMONT.

I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it. [Exit.

KING EDWARD.

Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,  
And to the rescue! Percy, lead the bill-men;  
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—  
If yonder numerous host should now beat down  
Bold as their vanguard (*to the Abbot*), thou mayst  
pray for us—

We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue,  
Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A part of the Field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies; tumults behind the scenes; alarms, and cries of «Gordon, a Gordon,» «Swinton,» etc.*

*Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, VIPONT, REYNALD, and others.*

VIPONT.

'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,—  
Gordon and Swinton.

REYNALD.

'Tis passing pleasant, yet 't is strange withal.  
Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan  
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down  
The knave who cried it.

*Enter SWINTON and GORDON.*

SWINTON.

Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bush.

GORDON.

Mine in the thorn beside it; let them wave,  
As fought this morn their masters, side by side.

SWINTON.

Let the men rally, and restore their ranks  
Here on this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase  
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part,  
And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet

Must turn his bridle southward.  
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet  
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;  
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,  
And by that token bid him send us succour.

GORDON.

And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge  
Had well nigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote him  
I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell  
Went to so many shivers.--Harkye, grooms!

*{ To those behind the scenes*

Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffling  
After so hot a course?

SWINTON.

Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon,  
For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us,  
The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders;  
But with swift succour we will bide them bravely--  
De Vipont, thou look'st sad!

VIPONT.

It is because I hold a Templar's sword  
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

SWINTON.

The blood of English archers--what can gild  
A Scottish blade more bravely?

VIPONT.

Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,  
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,  
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth  
And field as free as the best lord his barony,  
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,  
Save to their king and law. Hence are they resolute,

Leading the van on every day of battle,  
 As men who know the blessing, they defend.  
 Hence are they frank and generous in peace,  
 'S men who have their portion in its plenty.  
 Other kingdom shows such worth and happiness  
 In such low estate — therefore I mourn them.

SWINTON.

I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,  
 Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,  
 Still follow to the field their chieftain's banner,  
 And die in the defence on't.

GORDON.

And if I live and see my halls again,  
 They shall have portion in the good they fight for.  
 Each hardy follower shall have his field,  
 His household hearth and sod-built home, as free  
 As ever Southron had. They shall be happy! —  
 And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it! —  
 I have betray'd myself.

SWINTON.

Do not believe it. —

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,  
 And see what motion in the Scottish host,  
 And in King Edward's. — [Exit VIPONT.

Now will I counsel thee;

The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,  
 Being wedded to his order. But I tell thee,  
 The brave young knight that hath no lady-love  
 Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,  
 And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,  
 When the pure ray gleams through them. —  
 Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?



GORDON.

Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?  
 The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength  
 Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams  
 The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient  
 To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek  
 And wouldst thou now know hers?

SWINTON.

I would, nay, must  
 Thy father in the paths of chivalry  
 Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course  
 by

GORDON.

Nay, then, her name is—hark— — [He whispers

SWINTON.

I know it well, that ancient northern house

GORDON.

O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour  
 In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee —

SWINTON.

It did, before disasters had untuned me

GORDON.

O, her note  
 Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,  
 Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,  
 That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,  
 Knows the wild hapings of our native land?  
 Whether they lull the shepherd on his lull,  
 Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,  
 Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.  
 Princes and statesmen, chiefs renowned in arms,  
 And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first

And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

SWINTON.

You speak her talent bravely.

GORDON.

Though you smile,

I do not speak it half. Her gift creative  
New measures adds to every air she wakes;  
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,  
Like the wild modulation of the lark,  
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!  
To listen to her, is to seem to wander  
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,  
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,  
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.  
Methinks, I hear her now!—

SWINTON.

Bless'd privilege

Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide  
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,  
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,  
List'ning her harping!—

*Enter VIPONT.*

Where are thine, De Vipont?

VIPONT.

On death—on judgment—on eternity!  
For time is over with us.

SWINTON.

There moves not then one pennon to our aid,  
Of all that flutter yonder?

VIPONT.

From the main English host come rushing forward

Pennons enow— ay, and their Royal Standard.  
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

SWINTON (*to himself*)

I'll rescue him at least.— Young Lord of Gordon  
Spur to the Regent—show the instant need—

GORDON.

I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

SWINTON.

Not at my bidding? I, thy sire in chivalry—  
Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee.

GORDON.

No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety, —  
For such is thy kind meaning, — at the expense  
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.  
While I abide, no follower of mine  
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,  
What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,  
What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,  
And save the latest chance for victory?

VIPONT.

The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone.  
There will not twenty spears be left with us.

GORDON.

No, bravely as we have begun the field,  
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,  
More certain than a thousand messages,  
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host  
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour,  
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least,  
We must bear down to aid us.

SWINTON.

Must it be so?

And am I forced to yield the sad consent,  
Devoting thy young life? O, Gordon, Gordon!  
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue:  
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;  
I at I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,  
Rather than such a victim!—(*Trumpets.*) Hark, they  
come!

That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.

**GORDON.**

Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gaily.—  
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, «Gordon!  
Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!»

[*Exeunt. Loud alarm.*]

SCENE III.

*Another part of the field of Battle, adjacent to the former Scene.*

*Alarums. Enter SWINTON, followed by HOB HATTLEY*

**SWINTON.**

**Stand to it yet! The man who lies to-day,  
May bastards warm them at his household hearth!**

**НОВ НАТЛЕЙ.**

That ne'er shall be my curse.      My Magdalen  
Is trusty as my broadsword.

**SWINTON.**

**Art thou dismounted too?**

ROB BATHURST.

I know, Sir Alin,  
You want no homeward guide, so throw my reins  
Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.  
Within an hour he stands before my gate,  
And Magdalen will need no other token  
To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.

SWINTON.

Thou art resolved to cheat the halberd, then?

ROB BATHURST.

It is my purpose  
Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's death  
And never had I a more glorious chance for't.

SWINTON.

Here lies the way to it, knave—Make in, make in  
And aid young Gordon!

[*Exeunt*—*Low and long alarms*—*After which the back Scene rises, and discovers SWINTON on the ground, GORDON supporting him, both much wounded*]

SWINTON.

All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us  
And lie to distant harvest. My toil's over;  
There lies my sickle. [*Dropping his sword,*] Hand of  
mine again  
Shall never, never wield it!

GORDON.

Giant leader, is thy light extinguish'd?  
Only beacon-flame which promised safety  
In this day's deadly wrack!

SWINTON.

My lamp hath long been dim. But thine, young  
Gordon,

Just kindled, to be quenched so suddenly,  
Ere Scotland saw its splendour!—

GORDON.

Five thousand horse hung idly on yon bill,  
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid us!

SWINTON.

It was the Regent's envy—Out!—alas!  
Why blame I him?—It was our civil discord,  
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,  
Which framed this day of dole for our poor country.—

Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,  
As well his rank and valour might have claim'd it.  
We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how  
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented!

GORDON.

Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,  
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons  
And numerous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.

SWINTON.

May God assoil the dead, and him who follows!—  
We've drank the poison'd beverage which we brew'd;  
Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold whirl-  
wind!—

But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart  
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;  
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgive-  
ness,—

Why shouldst thou share our punishment?

GORDON.

All need forgiveness—[*distant alarm*!—Hark! in  
yonder shout  
Did the main battles counter!—

SWINTON

Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou can'st,  
And tell me how the day goes -- But I guess,  
Too surely do I guess ---

GORDON

All's lost! all's lost! -- Of the main Scottish host  
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward  
And some there are who seem to turn their spears  
Against their countrymen

SWINTON.

Rashness, and cowardice, and secret treason,  
Combine to ruin us, and our hot valour,  
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,  
More fatal unto friends than enemies!  
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't --  
Let thy hand close them, Gordon -- I will think  
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office! [Drops

GORDON

And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty  
To my dead father.

*Enter Dr Vipont.*

VIPONT.

Fly, fly, brave youth! -- A handful of thy followers,  
The scatter'd gleanings of this desperate day,  
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue. --  
O linger not! -- I'll be your guide to them.

GORDON.

Look there, and bid me fly! -- The oak has fallen,  
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb  
Its support, must needs partake its fall.

VIPONT.

Swinton? Alas! the best, the bravest, strongest,  
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry!

Forgive one moment, if to save the living,

          Tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon, be-

          think thee,

Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse  
Of him who slew thy father.

GORDON.

Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.

He taught my youth to soar above the promptings  
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth

A name that shall not die even on this death-spot.

Records shall tell this field had not been lost,

Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

Save thee, De Vipont—Hark! the Southron trumpets.

VIPONT.

Nay, without thee I stir not.

          Enter EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY, BALIOL, etc.

GORDON.

Ay, they come on, the Tyrant and the Traitor,

Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.

O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,

To do one glorious deed!

*[He rushes on the English, but is made pri-  
soner with VIPONT.]*

KING EDWARD.

Disarm them—harm them not; though it was they

Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,

They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

CHANDOS.

Here lies the giant! Say his name, young Knight!



GORDON.

Let it suffice, he was a man this morning

CHANDOS.

I question'd thee in sport. I do not need  
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought  
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows that ere  
The sable boat chain'd to the leafy oak,  
And that huge mace still seen where war was wild?

KING EDWARD.

'Tis Alan Swinton!  
Grim chamberlain, who, in my tent at Wendale  
Stood by my stuff'd couch with torch and mace,  
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my camp

GORDON (*sinking down*)

If thus thou know'st him,  
Thou wilt respect his corpse.

KING EDWARD.

As belted knight and crowned king, I will

GORDON.

And let mine  
Sleep at his side, in token that our death  
Landed the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

KING EDWARD.

It is the Gordon!—Is there aught beside  
Edward can do to honour bravery,  
Even in an enemy?

GORDON.

Nothing but this  
Let not base Bahol, with his touch or look,  
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath  
still,  
Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! | *Dies.*

CHANDOS.

Bah! I would not brook such dying looks  
To buy the crown you run at.

KING EDWARD (*to VIPONT*).

But, thy crossed shield shows ill in warfare  
Against a Christian king.

VIPONT.

That Christian king is waiting upon Scotland  
I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,  
Sworn to my country ere I knew my order.

KING EDWARD

I will but know thee as a Christian champion  
And set thee free in ransom'd.

*Enter ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW*

ABBOT

Heaven grant your Majesty  
Many such glorious days as this has been!

KING EDWARD

It is a day of much advantage,  
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes  
Fought like these two brave champions - Strike the  
drums,  
Sound trumpet, and pursue the fugitives,  
Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Berwick's re-  
der'd -  
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close



## NOTES

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### NOTE I p. 118

*It rose has fallen from thy chaplet*

The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce censured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English body of cavalry to pass his flank on the day preceding the battle of Bannockburn

### NOTE II p. 111

*I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar.*

• Venetian general observing his soldiers testified some unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope, whom they regarded as Father of the Church, addressed them in terms of similar encouragement,— « Fight on! we were Venetians before we were Christians »



**BALLADS**  
**AND**  
**LYRICAL PIECES.**



# GLENINLAS, ON LORD RONALD'S CORONACH<sup>1</sup>

Our tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus. While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend,

<sup>1</sup> *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.



into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women*.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch-Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

# GLENFINLAS,

OR

## LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

• For them the viewless forms of air obey,  
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;  
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,  
And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,  
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

• O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!<sup>1</sup>  
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,  
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;  
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

O, sprung from great Margillianore,  
The chief that never fear'd a foe,  
How matchless was thy broad claymore,  
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,  
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,  
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,  
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

<sup>1</sup> *O hone a rie'* signifies—*Alas for the prince, or chief.*

But over hill-bills, on festal days,  
Hoy-blazed Lord Ronald-belted free  
While youths and maidens light-stirred  
So merrily danced with Highland-dee

Chieft'nd by the strength of Ronald-bell  
I once forgot he to see home,  
But now the fondiment we well  
O'neer to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came  
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,  
And chase with him the duck-brown game  
That bounds o'er Albion's hills of wind

Ewa-Moy, whom in Columba's isle,  
The seer's prophetic spirit found,  
As with a minstrel's lute the while,  
He waked his harp's harmonious sound

Full many a spell to him was known  
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear  
And in my clay of potent tone,  
Was never meant for mortal ear

- For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,  
High converse with the dead they hold  
And oft espy the fated shroud,  
That shall the future corpse unfold

O so it tell, that on a day,  
To rouse the red deer from their den,  
The chiefs have taken their distant way,  
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen

## GLINTING AS

No va sals wait, then sports to aid,  
To watch then safety, deck then board  
Then simple dress, the Highland plaid,  
On trusty guard, the Highland sword

- Three summer days, through brake and dell
- Then whistling shafts successful flew  
And still, when dewy evening fell,  
The quarry to them but they drew

In icy Glenhulas deepest nook  
The solitary cabin stood,  
East by Moncreaf's sudden brook,  
Which murmurs through that lonely wood

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm  
When three successive days had flown  
And summer mist in dewy balm  
• Steep'd healthy bank, and moory-ton

The moon, half-bud in silvery flakes,  
Mar her dubious radiance shed,  
Quivering on Katrine's distant lake,  
And resting on Benedi's head

Now in their hut, in social guise,  
Then sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy,  
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eye,  
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

«What lack we here to crown our bliss,  
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?  
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,  
Her panting breath, and melting eye?»

« To chase the deer of yonder shades,  
 This morning left their father's pile  
 The fairest of our mountain maids,  
 The daughters of the proud Glenryle

« Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,  
 And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh  
 But vain the lover's valiant art,  
 Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

« But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,  
 While far with Mary I am flown,  
 Of other hearts to cease her care,  
 And find it hard to guard her own.

« Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see  
 The lovely Flora of Glenryle,  
 Unmindful of her charge and me,  
 Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile

« Or, if she chuse a racking tale,  
 All underneath the green-wood bough,  
 Will good St Oran's rule prevail,  
 Stern huntsman of the rigid brow!—

-« Since Enrick's flight, since Morna's death,  
 No more on me shall rapture rise,  
 Responsive to the panting breath,  
 Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

« E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,  
 Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,  
 I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,  
 On me the seer's sad spirit came.

« The last dread course of angry heaven,  
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe  
To dish each glimpse of joy, was given  
The gift, the future ill to know

- « The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
- So gently put from Olyn's bay,  
My eye beheld her dashed and torn,  
Lur on the rocky Colonsay.

« Thy Percy, too—thy sister's son,  
Thou saw'st, with pride the gallant's power  
A murching gunt the lord of Down,  
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

- « Thou only saw'st then tartan's<sup>1</sup> wave,  
As down Bensonloch's side they wound,  
Heard'st but the pibroch,<sup>2</sup> an wering brave  
• To many a target clanking round.

« I heard the grooms, I mark'd the reins,  
I saw the wound his bosom bore,  
When on the ferried Saxon spears  
He pou'd his clan's resistless roar

« And thou, who bid'st me think of bliss,  
And bid'st my heart awake to glee,  
And count, like thee, the wanton kiss, —  
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

<sup>1</sup> *Tartan*.—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed

<sup>2</sup> *Pibroch*.—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe

Let the death damps chill thy brow,  
 Hear thy Waning Spirit cry,  
 The corpse lights dance — they're gone and new  
 No more is given to lifted eye!

Alone enjoy thy heavy dream  
 Sad prophet of the evil hour,  
 Say, should we see in joy — to-morrow born  
 Because to-morrow's storm may lower

Or false — or both — thy words of woe  
 Clingham's chieftain ne'er shall fear  
 His blood shall brand a future glow  
 Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear

Then now, to meet me in yon dell  
 My Mary's bushy bough the dew  
 He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell  
 But called his dogs — and gay withdrew

Within an hour returned each hound  
 In rushed the rovers of the deer  
 They howl'd in melancholy sound,  
 Then closely couch beside the Seer

No Ronald yet — though midnight came,  
 And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,  
 As, bending o'er the dying flame,  
 He fed the watch-fires quivering gleams

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,  
 And sudden cease their moaning howl,  
 Close press'd to Moy they mark their prey  
 By ~~some~~ limbs, and stifled growl

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,  
As softly, slowly, oped the door,  
And shook responsive every string,  
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,  
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen  
• An huntress maid, in beauty bright,  
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem,  
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,  
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,  
She wrang the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,  
« O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,  
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,  
• A lovely maid in vest of green ?

« With her a chief in Highland pride,  
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,  
The mountain dirk adorns his side,  
Far on the wind his tartans flow ? »

« And who art thou ? and who are they ? »  
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :  
« And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side ? »

« Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,  
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,  
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,  
The castle of the bold Glengyle.



"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,  
Our woodland course this morn we bore,  
And haply met, while wandering here,  
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,  
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;  
Alone, I dare not venture there,  
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;  
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,  
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,  
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,  
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!  
For I must cross the haunted brake,  
And reach my father's towers ere day."

"First, three times tell each Ave-head,  
And thrice a Pater-noster say;  
Then kiss with me the holy reed:  
So shall we safely wind our way."

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!  
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,  
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,  
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,  
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,  
Then only rung thy raptured lyre,  
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the Minstrel's eye of flame,  
And high his sable locks arose,  
And quick his colour went and came,  
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“And thou! when by the blazing oak  
I lay, to her and love resign'd,  
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,  
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind?”

“Not thine a race of mortal blood,  
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;  
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,  
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,  
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;  
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,  
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung  
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;  
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,  
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,  
Till to the roof her stature grew;  
Then, mingling with the rising storm,  
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:  
The slender hut in fragments flew;  
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair  
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,  
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;

High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,  
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,  
As ceased the more than mortal yell;  
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood  
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;  
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade;  
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,  
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,  
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore  
That arm the broad claymore could wield,  
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!  
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!  
There never son of Albin's hills  
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

Even the tired pilgrim's burning feet  
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,  
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet  
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we-- behind the chieftain's shield,  
No more shall we in safety dwell;  
None leads the people to the field--  
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!  
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,  
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;  
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

## NOTES

### GLENFINLAS.

*Well can the Saxon widows tell*—P. 139

The term *Sasseuach*, or *Saxon*, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.

*How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree*—P. 145

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane Tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

*The seer's prophetic spirit found, etc.*—P. 140.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

*Will good St Oran's rule prevail*—P. 142.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather

dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state. He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Iteilig Oran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

*And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer,--P. 147.*

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7. tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it led at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, absented the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, that it should fall into the hands of the English. But, when Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan

should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1801, (a national periodical publication, which has lately revived with considerable energy) there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Boite, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he, and his predecessors, are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Baldenden's Doce*, Book 4, folio cxxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.



THE  
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

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SMAYLHO'VE, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho've Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called *The Watchfold*; and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without



the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

## EVE OF SAINT JOHN

-----

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
 He spun d his courser on  
 Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
 That leads to Brotherstone

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,  
 His banner broad to rear,  
 He went not 'g'ainst the English yew  
 \* To lift the Scottish spear

Yet his plate-jack<sup>1</sup> was braced, and his helmet was  
 laced,  
 And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore,  
 At his saddle-girth was a good steel sperthe,  
 Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,  
 And his looks were sad and sour;  
 And weiry was his courser's pace,  
 As he reach'd his rocky tower.

<sup>1</sup> The plate-jack is coat-armour, the vaunt-brace, or want-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

He came not from where Ancram Moor<sup>1</sup>  
 Ran red with English blood ;  
 Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,  
 'Gainst keen Lord Eves stood.                   a

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,  
 His acorn pierced and tore ;  
 His axe and his dagger with blood embued,  
 But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
 He held him close and still ;  
 And he whistled thence for his little foot-page,  
 His name was English Will.

« Come thou hither, my little foot-page ;  
 Come hither to my knee ;  
 Though thou art young, and tender of age,  
 I think thou art true to me.

« Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,  
 And look thou tell me true !  
 Since I from Smaytho'ne tower have been,  
 What did thy lady do ?

« My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
 That burns on the wild Watchfeld ;  
 For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
 Of the English foemen told.

<sup>1</sup> See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

« The bittern clamour'd from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill ;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,  
To the ery beacon hill.

« I watch'd her steps, and silent came  
• Where she sat her on a stone ;  
No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;  
It burned all alone.

« The second night I kept her in sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary's might ! an armed knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

« And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there ;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
• And I heard not what they were.

« The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain blast was still,  
As again I watch'd the secret pair,  
• On the lonesome beacon hill.

« And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve ;  
And say, ' Come this night to thy lady's bower ;  
' Ask no bold baron's leave.

« He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;  
' His lady is all alone ;

‘The door she’ll undo to her knight so true,  
 ‘On the eve of good St John.’

‘I cannot come; I must not come;  
 ‘I dare not come to thee;  
 ‘On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone  
 ‘In thy bower I may not be.’

‘Now, out on thee, fawn-hearted knight!  
 ‘Thou should’st not say me nay;  
 ‘For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,  
 ‘Is worth the whole summer’s day.

‘And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder  
 ‘Shall not sound,  
 ‘And rushes shall be strew’d on the stair,  
 ‘So, by the black rood-stone,<sup>1</sup> and by holy St John,  
 ‘I conjure, thee, my love, to be there!’

‘Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush  
 ‘Beneath my foot,  
 ‘And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
 ‘Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the  
 ‘East,  
 ‘And my foot-step he would know.’

‘O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!  
 ‘For to Dryburgh<sup>2</sup> the way he has ta’en;

<sup>1</sup> The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

<sup>2</sup> Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Balli-burghs of Newnams, and is now the seat of the right honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratensians.

‘ And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
 ‘ I or the soul of a knight that is slayne.’

‘ He turn’d him round, and grimly he frown’d;  
 ‘ Then he laugh’d right scornfully—

‘ He who says the massrite for the soul of that  
 • knight,  
 ‘ May as well say mass for me.

‘ At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have  
 power,  
 ‘ In thy chamber will I be.’ —  
 With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
 And no more did I see —

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron’s brow,  
 From the dark to the blood-red high,  
 Now, tell me the men of the knight thou hast seen,  
 • For, by Mary, he shall die !”

His arms shone full bright in the beacon’s red light,  
 His plume it was scarlet and blue;  
 On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
 And his crest was a branch of the yew.”

“ Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
 Loud dost thou lie to me !  
 For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,  
 All under the Eldon-tree.” \*

\* Eldon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eldon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

« Yet hear but my word, my noble lord  
 For I heard her name his name ;  
 And that lady boughit, she called the knight,  
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame.»

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,  
 From high blood-red to pale -  
 « The grave is deep and dark- and the corpse is stiff  
 and stark—  
 So I may not trust thy tale,

« Where far Tweed flows round holy Melrose  
 And Laldon slopes to the plain,  
 Full three nights ago, by some secret fog,  
 That gay gallant was slain.

« The varying light deceived thy sight,  
 And the wild winds drown'd the name -  
 For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks  
 do sing,  
 For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!»

He pass'd the court-gate, and he open'd the tower  
 grate,  
 And he mounted the narrow stair,  
 To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on he  
 wait,  
 found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;  
 Look'd over hill and dale ;

Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's<sup>4</sup> wood  
And all down Teviotdale

Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!  
Now hail, thou baron true!  
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?  
• What news from the bold Buccleuch?

«The Ancram Moor is red with gore  
For many a Southern fell,  
And Buccleuch has charged on, evermore  
To watch our beacons well.»

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said,  
Nor added the Baron a word,  
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber-lair,  
And so did her moody lord

•  
In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and  
turn'd,  
And oft to himself he said -  
The wounds around him creep, and his bloody  
grave is deep -  
It cannot give up the dead.»

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,  
The night was well nigh done,  
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
On the eve of good St John.

<sup>4</sup> Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott Esq. of Harden



The lady look'd through the chamber fair,  
 By the light of a dying flame;  
 And she was aware of a knight stood there —  
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

« Alas! away, away!» she cried,  
 « For the holy Virgin's sake!»  
 « Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;  
 But, lady, he will not awake.

« By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,  
 In bloody grave have I lain;  
 The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,  
 But, lady, they are said in vain.

« By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,  
 Most foully slain I fell;  
 And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,  
 For a space is doom'd to dwell.

« At our trysting-place,<sup>1</sup> for a certain space,  
 I must wander to and fro;  
 But I had not had power to come to thy bow or,  
 Had'st thou not conjured me so.»

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd:  
 « How, Richard, hast thou sped?  
 And art thou saved, or art thou lost?»—  
 The Vision shook his head!

« Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;  
 So bid thy lord believe:

<sup>1</sup> *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous

That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;  
His right upon her hand:  
The lady shrank, and fainting sunk,  
• For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,  
Remains on that board impress'd;  
And for evermore that lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,  
Ne'er looks upon the sun:  
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
That Monk, who speaks to none,  
That Nun was Smayllho'me's Lady gay,  
That Monk the bold Baron.



## NOTES

ON

### THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

#### BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Lildesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers.

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches,	
bastill houses, burned and destroyed	192
Scots slain	463
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt, (cattle)	10,566
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,226
Gayt	200
Bells of corn	850
Insight gear, etc. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.	

MORRIS'S *State Papers*, Vol. i. p. 51

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which. Archibald Douglas, the seventh

earl of Angus, it is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose *Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Ives, and Litoun, then entered Scotland with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1000 English Borderers, and 1000 armed Scottishmen, chiefly Armitrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English cruelties even exceeded their former cruelty. Ives burned the tower of Broomhouse with its lady (a noble and aged woman) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had defaced last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh they were followed by Angus at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Percy, with a body of 1000 men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Tyviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Antrim Moor, above the village of that name, and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch came up, at full speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pittcottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground called Pinner-hugh or Pender-hugh. The pinner-huses, being sent to an encampment in their rear, ap-

The church found no instance on record, of this family having taken part in any with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English force. In August 1444 (the year preceding the battle), the whole land below it to Foulfah in West Teviotdale, were burned by Ives, the outwork or burn of the tower of Branxholme, burned, or hit Scots slain thirty men prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kild Water, belonging to the same church, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained, thirty Scots slain and the Melrose tower of the same near Jedburgh *smoked very sore*. Thus the church had to look account to settle at *Lucrain Moor*.—*Murdoch's State Letters* 11

joined to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the  
 act of flight. Under this persuasion Evers and Eaton hur-  
 ried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill,  
 which their foe had abandoned, were no less dismayed than  
 astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish peamen drawn up  
 in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots then  
 soon became the assailants. A lion rushed from the main lines  
 by the tumult sowed away betwixt the encountering armies.

Old exultant Angus, that he had here my white horse hawk,  
 that would hit all yoke it once! Godspeed! The English,  
 feeble soldiers, having the setting sun and wind full  
 in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and des-  
 perate charge of the Scottish force. No sooner had they  
 begun to waver, than their overthrow was consummated.

I had been waiting, the event, the victor's then red crosses  
 and joining, their countenance made a most merciless laughter  
 among the English fugitives, the pursuers colliding upon each  
 other to remember Broomhouse! (1593) p. 15. In the  
 battle of Ford Evers, and his son, together with a brave  
 Eaton, and 900 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of  
 rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a  
 justice of the peace of London. Reel by name who having  
 pertinaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence

levied from the city by Henry VIII, was sent by royal author-  
 ity to serve against the Scots. The day, it settling, his ransom  
 he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the mo-  
 untain. *Roberts's Border History* p. 100. Evers was much re-  
 spected by King Henry, who wore to avenge his death upon  
 Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular  
 grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the  
 earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas.

I, your brother-in-law offended, I said he that I as a good  
 Scotsman have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced  
 tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers. They were better  
 men than he, and I was bound to do no less - and will be

1 Angus had married the widow of James IV - sister to king Henry VIII

ake my life for that? Little knows King Henry the Firsts of  
Carmarthen: I can keep myself there against all his English  
host — *Godscroft*

Such was the noted battle of Agram Moor. The spot, on  
which it was fought, is called *Lyhai's Edge*, from an Arizona-  
nan Scottish woman of that name, who is reported by tradi-  
tion, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as *squire*  
*Witherington*. The old people point out her monument, now  
broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been leg-  
ible within this century, and to have run thus:

I am maiden Lyhai I lies under this stone,  
Little was her lot: but great it was her time,  
I won the English crown: he had many thumps,  
And when he lags yet: uttered off, — he fought upon her tomb.  
*I did so: and of the Parish of Melrose*

It appears, from a passage in *Stowe*, that an ancestor of For-  
vers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English mo-  
narch. I have seen, says the historian, under the broad  
seal of the said King Edward I, a *warrant* called *Ketors* in  
the countie of Perth, in Scotland, and near the further  
out of the same nation northward, given to John Fure and  
his heirs and to the lord Fure that now is, and for the  
service done in these partes with market, etc dated at London  
the 10th day of October, anno regis 1244 — *Scots*  
*Annals*, p. 10. This grant, like that of *Henry*, must have  
been dangerous to the receiver.

*There is a nun in Dryburgh tower — P. 163*

The circumstance of the nun, who never saw the day  
not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate  
female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among  
the nuns of Dryburgh abbey, which, during the day she never  
quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habi-

A notable, now called *Carmarthen* is a mountainous tract at the foot of  
Dunblair.

habitation, and went to the house of Mr Halibarton of Newmans, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Fishme of Shichfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Lathys*, describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damp. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and he never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.





## CADYOW CASTLE

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity; and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadzow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference, and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was

long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described, by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.<sup>1</sup>

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

“Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the regent’s clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent’s favourites,<sup>2</sup> who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged

<sup>1</sup> They were kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Warkham Castle in Northumberland. For their nomenclature, see Notes.

<sup>2</sup> James Ballenden, Lord-justice-clerk, whose inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the ballad. — Spottiswood.

of the regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprize. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,<sup>1</sup> which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slow-

<sup>1</sup> This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which it was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

ly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman, who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet-horse,<sup>1</sup> which stood ready for him at a back-passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The regent died the same night of his wound.—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit

<sup>1</sup> The gift of Lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath.

murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded, or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, «who,» he observes, «satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stript the metropolitan church of St Andrews of its covering;» but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, «that neither Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes.»—*MURDIN'S State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.



# CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode  
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,  
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,  
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,  
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,  
And echoed light the dancer's bound,  
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,  
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,  
Thrill to the music of the shade,  
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,  
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,  
And tune my harp, of Border frame,  
On the wild banks of Evandale.



For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,  
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,  
To draw oblivion's pall aside,  
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,  
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;  
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,  
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side  
Were blended late the ruins green,  
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,  
And feudal banners flaunt between

Where the rude torrent's brawling course  
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,  
The ashler buttress braves its force,  
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'T is night—the shade of keep and spire  
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,  
And on the wave the warder's fire,  
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;  
The weary warder leaves his tower;  
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,  
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—  
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,  
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route  
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;  
His shouting merry-men throng behind;  
The steed of princely Hamilton  
Was fleet<sup>r</sup> than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,  
The startling red-deer scuds the plain;  
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound  
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,  
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,  
What sullen roar comes down the gale,  
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,  
That roam in woody Caledon,  
Crashing the forest in his race,  
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,  
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,  
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,  
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;  
Struggling in blood the savage lies;  
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—  
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the pryse!<sup>1</sup>

'T is noon—against the knotted oak  
The hunters rest the idle spear;

<sup>1</sup> Pryse—The note blown at the death of the game.

Curled through the trees the slender smoke,  
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,  
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,  
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,  
That bore the name of Hamilton.

“Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,  
Still wont our weal and woe to share?  
Why comes he not our sport to grace?  
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?”

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face  
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he),  
“At merry feast, or buxom chase,  
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

“Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee  
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,  
When to his hearths, in social glee,  
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

“There, wan from her maternal throes,  
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,  
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,  
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“O change accursed! past are those days;  
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,  
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,  
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

« What sheeted phantom wanders wild,  
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,  
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—  
O! is it she, the pallid rose?

« The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,  
•And hears her feeble voice with awe—  
•Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!  
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief  
Burst mingling from the kindred band,  
And half arose the kindling chief,  
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,  
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,  
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke  
•Drives to the leap his jaded steed?

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,  
As one, some vision'd sight that saw,  
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—  
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory selle,<sup>1</sup> and reeling steed,  
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,  
And, recking from the recent deed,  
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

<sup>1</sup> Selle—Saddle. A word used by Spencer, and other ancient authors.

Sternly he spoke—"T is sweet to hear,  
 In good greenwood, the bugle blown;  
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trod,  
 At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,  
 But prouder base-born Murray rode  
 Through old Lamlithgow's crowded town

"From the wild Border's humbled side,  
 In haughty triumph marched he,  
 While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,  
 And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,  
 Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,  
 The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,  
 Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent, ' my secret stand,  
 Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,  
 And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,  
 Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
 Murder's foul minion, led the van;  
 And clash'd their broad-swords in the rear,  
 The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,  
 Olsequious at their Regent's rein,

<sup>1</sup> *Hackbut bent*—Gun cocked

And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

« Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,  
Proud Murray's plumage floated high; }  
Scarce could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh.

« From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,  
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,  
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,  
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

« But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd  
A passing shade of doubt and awe;  
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,  
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

« The death-shot parts—the charger springs—  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!—  
And Murray's plumed helmet rings—  
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

« What joy the raptur'd youth can feel,  
To hear her love the loved one tell,  
Or he, who broaches on his steel  
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

« But dearer to my injured eye,  
To see in dust proud Murray roll;  
And mine was ten times trebled joy,  
To hear him groan his felon soul.

« My Margaret's spectre glided near;  
With pride her bleeding victim saw;

And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,  
 'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !'

« Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !  
 Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree !  
 Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—  
 Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free ! »

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;  
 Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—  
 « Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed !  
 Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame ! »

But, see ! the minstrel vision fails—  
 The glimmering spears are seen no more ;  
 The shouts of war die on the gales,  
 Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,  
 The blackbird whistles down the vale,  
 And sunk in ivied ruins lie  
 The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs intent on bloody deed,  
 And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,  
 Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the steed,  
 Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own  
 The maids, who list the minstrel's tale ;  
 Nor e'er a ruder guest be known  
 On the fair banks of Evandale !

# NOTES

## ON

### CADYOW CASTLE.

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*First of his troop, the Chief rode on* — P. 179

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James earl of Arran duke of Châtellerault in France and first earl of the Scottish realm. In 1569 he was appointed by Queen Mary, her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

*The mountain bull comes thovt rug on* — P. 179

In Caledonia olim frequens erit sylvestris quidam bos in agro rarior, qui colore candidissimo, pubem densam et densam instar leonis gestat, tridentatus re ferus ab humano genere id horrens, ut quæcumque homines vel in iuvibus contrectaverint, vel ludibria perflaverint, ab eis multos post dies omnino id torquent. Ad hoc tanta audacia huius bovis indit erat ut non lumini iuvens equites fuenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum recessit, omnes promiscue homines coribus, ac ungulis peteret, et cum eis, qui apud nos ferocissimum sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Eius carnes cartilaginosa sed saporis suavissimi. Tunc est lupatillim vastissimum Caledonia sylvia frequens sed humani ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquis, travelling, Cumberlandia, et hincinae — *Fiskeus, Sectio De*  
*et* — p. 15

*Stern Clandrephed, with darkening frow,*

(Grey Piskie's haughty lord was he) — P. 180

- Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the duke of Châtellerault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, noted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess



He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor to the present Marquis of Abercorn.

*Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee.*—P. 180.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen, in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also, and even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the rights of ghosts, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with a child in her arms.

*Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke*

*Drives to the leap his jaded steed*—P. 181.

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his p, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to very bröde stank (i. e. ditch), by whilk means he escapit. It away from all the rest of the horses.—*Birrell's Diary*.

*From the wild Border's humbled side,*

*In haughty triumph marched he.*—P. 182.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:

So having stablischt all thing in this sort,  
 To Luddisdaill again he did resort,  
 Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills rode he.  
 And also lay three nights in Cannabie.  
 Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before,  
 Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;  
 And, that they suld na mair thair thift alledge,  
 Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,  
 Syne wardit thame, whilk made the rest keep ordour,  
 Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Bordour."

*Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 237.*

*With hackbut bent, my secret stan I.*—P. 187.

The carabine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a muddling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

*Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.*—P. 187.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

*The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.*—P. 187.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this bataille the valiance of an hieland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flaukes of the queene's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the countess of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states, that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The

Lord Lindesay, who stood nearest to them in the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their places better:' and so stepping forward with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avant-guard and hargnebusiers, and so were turned to flight.—*Calderwood's MS. apud Keith, p. 180.* Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Rentfrew.

*Glencarn, and stout Parkhead were nigh,  
Obsequious at their Regent's rein.—P. 182*

The earl of Glencarn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton: his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

*And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 183.*

Lord Lindesay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction; and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

*So airc could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh —P. 183.*

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation, at which men wonder after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswood, p. 233, Buchanan.*

THE  
GREY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

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THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid Lothian. This building, now called Gilmertou-Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged of yore to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly-endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian.

Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned, also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house, of Gilmerton-Grange or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chasing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates. <sup>1</sup>

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the *Life of Alexander Peden*, 'one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and perhaps really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*; who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'There are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when a very ill-looking man came, and sate down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cottage): immediately he halted, and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' The person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.» *The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, part ii. § 26.



THE

## GREY BROTHER.

---

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,  
All on Saint Peter's day,  
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,  
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,  
And the people kneel'd around;  
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,  
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,  
Was still, both limb and tongue,  
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,  
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,  
And falter'd in the sound—  
And, when he would the chalice rear,  
He drop'd it on the ground



"The breath of one, of evil deed,  
Pollutes our sacred day,  
He has no portion in our creed,  
No part in what I say

A being, whom no blessed word  
To ghostly peace can bring;  
A wretch, at whose approach abhor'd,  
Recoils each holy thing,

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!  
My adjuration fear!  
I charge thee not to stop my voice,  
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a Pilgrim kneel'd,  
In gown of sackcloth grey;  
Far journeying from his native field,  
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,  
I ween, he had not spoke,  
And, save with bread and water clear,  
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock  
Seem'd none more bent to pray;  
But, when the Holy Father spoke,  
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,  
His weary course he drew.

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,  
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His noblest feet his native seat,  
Mid Esk's fair woods, regain;  
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet  
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,  
And vassals bent the knee;  
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,  
Was none more famed than he,

And boldly for his country still,  
In battle he had stood,  
Ay, even when, on the banks of Till,  
He noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O, passing sweet!  
By Esk's fair streams that run,  
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep  
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,  
And yield the muse the day;  
There Beauty, led by timid Love,  
May shun the tell-tale ray,

From that fair dome, where sun is paid  
By blast of bugle free,  
To Auchendunny's hazel glade,  
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,  
 And Roslin's rocky glen,  
 Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,  
 And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from here to day,  
 The Pilgrim's footsteps range,  
 Save but the solitary way  
 To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,  
 As sorrow could desire;  
 For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,  
 And the roof was scathed with fire,

It fell upon a summer's eve,  
 While, on Carnethy's head,  
 The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams  
 Had streak'd the grey with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,  
 New bottle's oaks among,  
 And mingled with the solemn knell  
 Our Lady's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,  
 Came slowly down the wind,  
 And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,  
 As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,  
 Nor ever raised his eye,

Until he came to that dreary place,  
Which did all in ruins lie,

He gazed on the walls so scathed with fire,  
With many a bitter groan—  
And there was aware of a Grey Friar,  
Resting him on a stone.

Now, Christ thee save!" said the Grey Brother;  
"Some pilgrim thou seem'st to be."  
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,  
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,  
Or bring reliques from over the sea,  
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the divine  
Or Saint John of Beverley?"

"I come not from the shrine of Saint James the divine  
Nor bring reliques from over the sea,  
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,  
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so!  
But kneel thee down by me,  
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin.  
That absolved thou may'st be."

"And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,  
That I should shrive to thee,  
When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and  
aven,  
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,  
Five thousand miles away,  
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,  
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The Pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,  
And thus began his saye -  
When on his neck an ice-cold hand  
Did that Grey Brother laye.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES

10

### THE GREY BROTHER

*From that far dome & hermit's cell*

*By 'last night's fire' —P. 19*

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure, the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Bull-stone, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the family hall come to hunt in the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn with the motto, *Tree for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

*Ye Auchinlany's haet glade* —P. 195

Auchindraney, situated upon the lake below Pennycuik, is the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, etc.

*And haunted Woodhouselee* —P. 195

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion see the ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 48

*Who know's not Melville's beechy grove* —P. 196

Melville Castle, the seat of the honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the *Eske*, near Laswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, lord Melville.

*Aul Roslin's rocky glen — P. 198*

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair. The Gothic Chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody hill in which they are situated, belong to the right honourable the Earl of Roslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

*Dalkeith, which all the virtues lodge — P. 196*

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Fife, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

*And classic Hawthornden — P. 196*

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Fife, perforated by winding caves, which, in former time, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of the striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bowers,

• Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade •

If in the whole, tracing the Fife from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

## THE FIRE-KING.

The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses were upon  
him.

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*Last of the*

This ballad was written at the request of Mr Fawcett, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder*. It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story, however, partly historical, for it is recorded that during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a knight Templar called Saint-Albert, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

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Born knights and fair dames, to my harp give ear,  
(Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;  
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high,  
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye,  
And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,  
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,  
What news bring you home from the Holy Countree?"



And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?  
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,  
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have,  
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,  
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have  
won."—

A fair chain of gold mid her ringlets there hung;  
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she  
flung  
"O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,  
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Coun-  
try."

"And palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?  
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross  
rush'd on,  
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;  
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on  
high;  
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die."

"The green boughs they wither, the thunder bolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;  
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone:  
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."—

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;  
 And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need ,  
 And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,  
 To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,  
 Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood had he,  
 A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,  
 The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

« Oh Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st  
     thou be,  
 Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee  
 Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take ,  
 And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

« And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore  
 The mystical flame which the Cudmims adore,  
 Alone, and in silence three nights shalt thou wake ,  
 And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

« And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,  
 To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land ,  
 For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take ,  
 When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.»

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled  
     sword,  
 Renouncing his knighthood, denying his lord ;  
 He has ta'en the green rattan, and turban put on,  
 For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,  
He has watch'd until day-break, but sight saw he  
none;  
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,  
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;  
They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,  
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,  
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled  
round;  
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,  
The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he  
spy.

Loud murmur'd the priest, and amazed was the  
king,  
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing,  
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast  
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,  
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;  
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!—  
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High-brided his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,  
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat;  
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,  
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarcely pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce  
trode;

When the winds from the four points of Heaven were  
abroad;

They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,  
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,  
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;  
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim  
The dreadful approach of the monarch of flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form,  
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;  
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,  
When he saw in his terrors the monarch of flame.

In his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd  
through smoke,  
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he  
spoke:—

“With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and  
no more,

Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore.”

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and, see!  
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee:  
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,  
As, borne on his whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among,  
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was  
strong;

And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent  
came on,

From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,

The sands of Samaan drank the blood of the brave

Till the knights of the Temple, and knights of Saint  
John,

With Salem's king Baldwin, against him came on

The war cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied,

The lances were couched, and they closed on each  
side,

And horsemen and horses Count Albert overthrew

Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert had  
wield,

The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross  
shield,

But a pike thrust him toward the mouth ere before

And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low

Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddle-bow,

And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,

"*Bonne grace, noble Dame,*" he unwittingly said

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er

It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more

True men have said, that the lightning's red wing  
waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;  
 He stretch'd, with one buffet, that page on the strand;  
 As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd,  
 You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare  
 On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair;  
 For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,  
 And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield  
 To the scallop, the saltier, and cresletted shield;  
 And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,  
 From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—  
 Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd mid the slain?  
 And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?—  
 Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,  
 The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:  
 Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;  
 His vent on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,  
 How the Red Cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell;  
 And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, mid their glee,  
 At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.



## FREDERICK AND ALICE.

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This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *«Claudina von Villa Bella,»* where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr LEWIS, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *«Tales of Honder.»*

---

• FREDERICK leaves the land of France,  
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;  
Careless casts the parting glance  
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,  
Keen to prove his untried blade,  
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead  
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

• Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,  
Lovely Alice wept alone;  
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,  
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.



Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!

See, the tear of anguish flows!—

Mingling soon with bursting sobs,

Lo! the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd

Seven long days and nights are o'er;

Death in pity brought his aid,

As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,

Faithless Frederick onward rides;

Marking, blythe, the morning's glance

Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,

As the tongue of yonder tower,

Slowly to the hills around,

Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,

Yet no cause of dread appears;

Bristles high the rider's hair,

Struck with strange mysterious fear

Desperate, as his terrors rise,

In the steed the spur he hides;

From himself in vain he flies.

Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,

Wild he wander'd, woe the while!

Ceaseless care, and ceaseless fights,  
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends,  
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour,  
While the deafening thunder leads  
All the terrors of its roar.

Wearied, wet, and spent with toil,  
Where his head shall Frederick hide,  
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,  
By the lightning's flash descried

To the portal, dank and low,  
First his steed the wanderer bound  
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,  
Next his darkling way he wound

Long down vaults before him he  
Glimmering lights are seen to glide  
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!  
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!" —

Often lost their quivering beam,  
Still the lights move slow before,  
Till they rest their ghostly gleam  
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,  
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;  
As they fell, a solemn strain  
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear  
 Voice of friends, by death removed ;—  
 Well he knew that solemn air,  
 'T was the lay that Alice loved.

Hark! for now a solemn knell  
 Four times on the still night broke;  
 Four times, at its deaden'd swell,  
 La hoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengt' en'd clangors die,  
 Slowly opes the iron door,  
 Straight a banquet met his eye,  
 ' But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend,  
 All with black the board was spread;  
 Gut by parent, brother, friend,  
 Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice in her grave-clothes bound,  
 Ghastly smiling, points a seat;  
 All arose, with thundering sound;  
 All the expected stranger greet.

Their meagre arms they wave,  
 Their notes of welcome swell;  
 "Welcome traitor, to the grave!  
 Retired, bid the light farewell!"

THE

## WILD HUNTSMEN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wild Jager* of the German poet Burger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted

*Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, «*Gluck zu, Falkenburg!*» (Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!) «Dost thou wish me good sport?» answered a hoarse voice; «thou shalt share the game;» and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in «Sully's Memoirs,» who says he was called, *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross:

«Ere since, of old, the nursery rhymes of Ross,—  
So to the simple swain tradition tells,—  
Were wont each clans, and ready vassals throng'd,  
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,

There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,  
 A murmuring faust, but rising still more loud,  
 And nearer, voice of hunters and of hounds,  
 And horns, house winds, blowing fur and fume —  
 Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale  
 Labours with wilder shrieks and fiercer din  
 Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of dogs  
 Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men  
 And hoots thick beating on the hollow hill  
 Sudden the grazing herds in the vale  
 Start at the noise, and both the herdsmen sense  
 Aingle with inward dread — Aghast they see  
 The mountain's height and all the ridges round,  
 Yet not one trace of living wight discern  
 Nor knows, or dreads, and trembling as he stands  
 To what or whom, he owes his idle fear,  
 To host to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,  
 But wonders, and no end of wondering finds

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\* A posthumous miracle of Father Lasly, a Scottish capuchin related to his being, buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted reliques had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian



## WILD HUNTSMEN

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,  
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!  
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,  
Dash through the bush, the briar, the brake  
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,  
• The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day  
Had painted yonder spire with gold,  
And, calling sinful man to pray,  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;  
Halleo, halloo! and hark again!  
When, spurring from opposing sides,  
• Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
The right-hand steed was silver white,  
The left, the swarthy hue of bell.



The right-hand horseman, young and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of May;  
The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,  
Cried, « Welcome, welcome, noble lord!  
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase, afford?»

« Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,»  
Cried the Fair Youth, with silver voice;  
« And for devotion's choral swell,  
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

« To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,  
Yon bell yet summons to the faue;  
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,  
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.»

« Away, and sweep the glades along!»  
The sable Hunter hoarse replies;  
« To muttering monks leave matin-song;  
And bells, and books, and mysteries.»

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,  
And, launching forward with a bound,  
« Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,  
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

« Hence, if our manly sport offend!  
With pious fools go chaunt and pray:—  
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend:  
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!»

The Wildgrave spur'd his courser light,  
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill;  
And on the left, and on the right,  
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

• Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,  
A stag more white than mountain snow;  
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,  
«Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!»

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;  
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below:  
But, live who can, or die who may,  
Still, «Forward, forward!» on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,  
A field with autumn's blessings crown'd;  
See prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,  
• A husbandman, with toil embrown'd:

«O mercy, mercy, noble lord!  
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,  
«Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,  
In scorching hour of fierce July.»—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey,  
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,  
• But furious holds the onward way.

«Away, thou hound! so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!»—  
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,  
«Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!»

So said, so done;—a single bound  
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;  
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,  
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,  
Destructive sweep the field along;  
While joying o'er the wasted corn,  
Fell Famine marks the madd'ning throng.

Again up-roused, the timorous prey  
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill,  
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;  
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;  
Amid the flock's domestic herd  
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,  
His track the steady blood-hounds trace  
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,  
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—  
“O spare, thou noble baron, spare  
These herds, a widow's little all;  
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care.”—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey:  
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward way.

## THE WILD HUNSMEN.

«Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport  
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,  
Though human spirits, of thy sort,  
Were tenants of these carrion kine!»—

- Again he winds his bogle horn,  
«Hark forward, forward, holla ho!»  
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;  
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near  
The murderous cries the stag appal,—  
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

- With blood besmear'd, and white with foam.  
While big the tears of anguish pour.  
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,  
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower

But man and horse, and horn and hound,  
Fast rattling on his traces go;  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With, «Hark away! and, holla ho!»

- All mild, amid the rout profane.  
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer;—  
«Forbear with blood God's house to stain;  
Revere his altar, and forbear!

«The meanest brute has rights to plead,  
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:—  
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.»

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;  
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey  
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,  
But frantic keeps the forward way.

«Holy or not, or right or wrong,  
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;  
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,  
Not God himself, shall make me turn!»—

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,  
«Hark forward, forward, holla ho!»—  
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,  
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,  
And clamour of the chase, was gone;  
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,  
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;  
He strove in vain to wake his horn;  
In vain to call; for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;  
No distant baying reach'd his ears;  
His courser, rooted to the ground,  
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,  
Dark, as the darkness of the grave;  
And not a sound the still invades,  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head  
At length the solemn silence broke;  
And from a clond of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

« Oppressor of creation fair!  
Apostate spirits' harden'd tool!  
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!  
The measure of thy cup is full.

« Be chased for ever through the wood;  
For ever roam the affrighted wild;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud,  
God's meanest creature is his child.»—

'T was hush'd: one flash, of sombre glaze,  
With yellow tinged the forests brown:  
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,  
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;  
A rising wind began to sing;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call!—Her entrails rend;  
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,  
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend  
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
His eye like midnight lightning glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,  
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;  
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,  
And, « Hark away, and holla ho ! »

With wild despair's reverted eye,  
Close, close behind, he marks the throng  
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,—  
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,  
Till time itself shall have an end :  
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,  
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,  
That oft the lated peasant hears ;  
Appall'd, he sighs the frequent cross,  
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
For human pride, for human woe,  
When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
The infernal cry of, « Holla ho ! »

## WILLIAM AND HELEN.

*Imitated from the «LENORE» of BURGER*

THE author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr Spencer.

The following translation was written long before the author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances. A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—



“Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
    Splash! splash! along the sea;  
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!  
    Dost fear to ride with me?”

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly be-

## WILLIAM AND HELEN.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose  
And eyed the dawning red :  
« Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !  
O art thou false or dead ? »

With gallant Frederick's princely power  
He sought the bold crusade ;  
But not a word from Judah's wars  
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
At length a truce was made,  
And every knight return'd to dry  
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound  
With many a song of joy ;  
Green waved the laurel in each plume,  
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,  
To meet them crowd the way,  
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,  
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true love met,  
And sobb'd in his embrace,  
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles,  
Array'd full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;  
She sought the host in vain;  
For none could tell her William's fate,  
If faithless, or if slain.

The martial hand is past and gone;  
She rends her raven hair,  
And in distraction's bitter mood  
She weeps with wild despair.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,  
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;  
A perjured lover's fleeting heart  
No tears recal again."

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,  
What's lost for ever torn:  
Death, death alone can comfort me;  
O had I ne'er been born!

"O break, my heart, O break at once!  
- Drink my life-blood, Despair!  
No joy remains on earth for me,  
For me in heaven no share."

"O enter not in judgment, lord!"  
The pious mother prays;

« Impute not guilt to thy frail child !  
She knows not what she says.

« O say thy pater noster, child !  
O turn to God and grace !  
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale  
Can change thy bale to bliss.»

« O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
O mother, what is bale ?  
My William's love was heaven on earth.  
Without it earth is hell.

« Why should I pray to ruthless Heav'n,  
Since my loved William's slain !  
I only pray'd for William's sake,  
And all my prayers were vain.»

« O take the sacrament, my child,  
And check these tears that flow ;  
By resignation's humble prayer,  
O hallow'd be thy woe !»

« No sacrament can quench this fire,  
Of slake this scorching pain ;  
No sacrament can bid the dead  
Arise and live again.

« O break, my heart, O break at once !  
Be thou my god, Despair !  
Heaven's heaviest blow has fall'n on me,  
And vain each fruitless prayer.»

« Oh enter not in judgment, lord,  
 With thy frail child of clay !  
 She knows not what her tongue has spoke  
 Impute it not I pray !

Forbear, my child, this desperate woe  
 And turn to God and grace,  
 Well can devotion heavenly glow  
 Convert thy bane to bliss »

O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
 O mother what is bane ?  
 Without my William what were heaven,  
 Or with him what were hell ?

Wald she magnify the eternal doom,  
 Upbraids each sacred power,  
 Till silent, she sought her silent room,  
 All in the lonely tower

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands  
 Till sun and day were o'er,  
 And through the glimmering lattice shone  
 The twinkling of the star,

Then crash'd the heavy draw-bridge fell  
 That o'er the moat was hung;  
 And clatter'd clatter'd on its bounds  
 The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard  
 As off the rider bounded,  
 And slowly on the winding stair,  
 A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark ! and hark ! a knock—Tap ! tap !

A rustling stifled noise ;—

Door-latch and tinkling staples ring ;—

• At length a whispering voice.

« Awake, awake, arise, my love !

How, Helen, dost thou fare ?

Wakest thou, or sleep'st ? laugh'st thou, or weep'st ?

Hast thought on me, my fair ? »

« My love ! my love !—so late by night !—

I waked, I wept for thee :

Much have I borne since dawn of morn ;

Where, William, couldst thou be ?—

« We saddle late—From Hungary

I rode since darkness fell ;

And to its bourne we both return

Before the matin bell. »

« O rest this night within my arms,

And warm thee in their fold !

Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind ;—

My love is deadly cold. »

« Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush !

This night we must away ;

The steed is wight, the spur is bright ;

I cannot stay till day.

« Bask, bask, and bouné ! Thou mount'st behind

Upon my black barb steed :

O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,

We haste to bridal bed. »

“To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—

O dearest William, stay!

The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!

O wait, my love, till day!”

“Look here, look here—the moon shines clear

Full fast I ween we ride;

Mount and away! for ere the day

We reach our bridal bed.

“The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;

Haste, busk, and bounce, and seat thee!

The feast is made, the chamber spread,

The bridal guests await thee.”

Strong love prevail’d: she busks, she bounces

She mounts the barb behind,

And round her darling William’s waist

Her lily arms she twined.

And hurry! hurry! off they rode,

As fast as fast might be;

Spurn’d from the courser’s thundering heels

The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,

Ere they could snatch a view,

Fast, fast each mountain, mead and plain,

And cot and castle flew.

“Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—

Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!

“Fear’st thou?”—“O no!” she faintly said;

But why so stern and cold?

' What yonder rings, what yonder sings,  
 Why shrinks the owl grey ?  
 ' Tis death-bells clung, 'tis funeral song  
 • The body to the clay

With song and clung, at morrow's dawn  
 Ye may enter the dead  
 To-night I ride, with my young bride,  
 To deck our bridal bed

' Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest  
 To swell our nuptial song !  
 Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast !  
 Come all, come all along !

' Cased clang, and song, down sunk the bier  
 The shrouded corpse arose,  
 And hurry ! hurry ! all the train  
 The thundering steed pursues

And forward ! forward ! on they go,  
 High snorts the straining steed,  
 Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,  
 As he adlong on they speed.

' O William, why this savage haste,  
 And where thy bridal bed ?  
 'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,  
 And narrow, trustless maid."

' No room for me ?"—" Enough for both, —  
 Speed, speed, my barb, thy course !"  
 O'er thundering bridge, through boiling smog,  
 He drove the furious horse.



WILLIAM AND HELEN.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,  
    Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;  
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,  
    The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast  
    Each forest, grove, and bower ;  
On right and left fled past how fast  
    Each city, town, and tower.

« Dost thou fear ? dost fear ? The moon shines clear  
    Dost fear to ride with me ?—  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the dead can ride ! »  
    « O William, let them be !—

« See there, see there ! What yonder swings  
    And creaks 'mid whistling rain ? »  
Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel :  
    A murderer in his chain.—

« Hollo ! thou felon, fellow here :  
    To bridal bed we ride ;  
And thou shalt prance a fether dance  
    Before me and my bride. »

And hurry ! hurry ! clash, clash, clash !  
    The wasted form descends ;  
And fleet as wind through hazel bush  
    The wild career attends.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,  
    Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
    The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd !

How fled what darkness hid !

How fled the earth beneath their feet,

• The heaven above their head !

« Dost fear ? dost fear ? The moon shines clear

And well the dead can ride ;

Does faithful Helen fear for them ? »

« O leave in peace the dead

« Barb ! barb ! methinks I hear the cock ;

The sand will soon be run :

Barb ! barb ! I smell the morning air .

The race is well nigh done . »

Traup ! traup ! along the land they rode

Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;

The scourge is red, the spur drops blood

The flashing pebbles flee .

• « Hurrah ! hurrah ! we'll ride the dead :

The bride, the bride is come !

And soon we reach the bridal bed,

For, Helen, here's my home . »

Reluctant on its rusty hinge

Revolved an iron door,

And by the pale moon's setting beam

Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round

The birds of midnight, scared ;

And rustling like autumnal leaves

Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tomb-stone pale  
He spurred the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He check'd the wond'rous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mouldering flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam.  
And, with a fearful bound,  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres fleet along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And howl the funeral song;

"E'en when the heart 's with anguish cleft,  
Revere the doom of Heaven,  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiven!"

THE

## BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

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THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence. The author is Albert Tschudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-singer* or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Eschylus, that

— — — Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,  
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tschudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults

of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tschudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in these iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountancers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III. Archduke of Austria, called «The handsome man-at-arms», was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

## BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'T was when among our linden trees  
 The bees had housed in swarms  
 (And grey-hair'd peasants say that these  
 Betoken foreign arms),

Then look'd we down to Willisow,  
 The land was all in flame;  
 We knew the Archduke Leopold  
 With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,  
 So hot their heart and bold,  
 "On Switzer carles we'll trample now,  
 And slay both young and old."

With claxon loud, and banner proud,  
 From Zurich on the lake,  
 In martial pomp and fair array,  
 Their onward march they make

“ Now list, ye lowland nobles all,  
 Ye seek the mountain strand,  
 Nor wot ye what shall be your lot  
 In such a dangerous land.

“ I rede ye, shrive you of your sins,  
 Before you further go ;  
 A skirmish in Helvetian hills  
 May send your souls to woe.”

“ But where now shall we find a priest  
 Our shrift that he may hear?”—  
 “ The Switzer priest <sup>1</sup> has ta'en the field,  
 He deals a penance deear.

“ Right heavily upon your head  
 He'll lay his hand of steel;  
 And with his trusty partizan  
 Your absolution deal.”

“ T was on a Monday morning then,  
 The corn was steep'd in dew,  
 And merry maids had sickles ta'en,  
 When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne  
 Together have they join'd ;  
 With and core of manhood stern,  
 Is none cast looks behind.

All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought  
 patriotic war

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,  
 And to the Duke he said,  
 "Yon little band of brethren true  
 Will meet us undismay'd,"

"O Hare-castle, 'thou heart of hare!"  
 I pierce Oxenstern replied  
 "Shalt see then how the game will fare,"  
 The taunting knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bight,  
 And closing ranks amain;  
 The peaks they hea'd from their boot-points  
 Might well nigh load a wain.<sup>2</sup>

And thus, they to each other said,  
 "Yon landful down to hew  
 Will be no boastful tale to tell,  
 The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss confederates there,  
 They pray'd to God aloud,  
 And he display'd his rainbow fair  
 Against a cloudy cloud.

In the original, *Oxenstern*, or *Hare-stone*.

This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages of wearing boots with the points or peak turned upwards and so long that, in some cases, they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they wanted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.



Then heart and pulse throbb'd more and more  
With courage firm and high,  
And down the good confederates bore  
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion<sup>1</sup> 'gan to growl,  
And toss his mane and tail;  
And ball, and shaft, and cross-bow bolt  
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halberd, mingled there,  
The game was nothing sweet;  
The boughs of many a stately tree  
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,  
So close their spears they laid;  
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,  
Who to his comrades said—

“I have a virtuous wife at home,  
A wife and infant son;  
I leave them to my country's care,—  
This field shall soon be won.

“These nobles lay their spears right thick,  
And keep full firm array,  
Yet shall my charge their order break,  
And make my brethren way.”

<sup>1</sup> A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

He rush'd against the Austrian band,  
In desperate career,  
And with his body, breast, and hand,  
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,  
Six shiver'd in his side ;  
Still on the serried files he press'd—  
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed,  
First tamed the Lion's mood,  
And the four forest cantons freed  
From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane.  
His valiant comrades burst,  
With sword, and axe, and partizan,  
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,  
And granted ground amain,  
The mountain Bull, <sup>1</sup> he bent his brows,  
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,  
At Sempach in the flight,  
The cloister vaults at Konigsfield  
Hold many an Austrian knight.

<sup>1</sup> A pun on the Urus, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

It was the Archduke Leopold,  
So lordly would he ride,  
But he came against the Switzer churls,  
And they slow him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,  
"And shall I not complain?  
There came a foreign nobleman  
To milk me on the plain."

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn  
Has gall'd the knight so sore,  
That to the church-yard he is borne  
To range our glens no more."—

An Austrian noble left the stour,  
And fast the flight he took;  
And he arrived in but a few hours  
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd  
(His name was Hans Von Rot),  
"For love, or meed, or charity,  
Receive us in thy boat."

Their anxious call the fisher heard,  
And, glad the meed to win,  
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,  
And took the fliers in.

And while against the tide and wind  
Hans stoutly row'd his way,  
The noble to his follower sign'd  
"He should the boatman slay."

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,  
The squire his dagger drew,  
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,  
The boat he overthrew.

He wheel'd the boat, and as they stro  
He stunn'd them with his oar,  
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,  
You'll ne'er stab boatman more."

"Two gilded fishes in the lake  
This morning have I caught,  
Their silver scales may much avail  
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe  
Has sought the Austrian land;  
"Ah! gracious lady, sad news!  
My lord lies on the strand."

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,  
His bloody corpse lies there:"  
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,  
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight,  
Who sings of strife so stern,  
Albert the Souter is he hight,  
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,  
The night he made the lay,  
Returning from the bloody spot,  
Where God had judged the day.

THE  
NOBLE MORINGER,  
AN ANCIENT BALLAD,  
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

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THE original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled *Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder*, Berlin 1807, published by Messrs Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the Ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tomb-stones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad,

and discovers that there actually died on the 11th May 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Mars-tetten, who was by birth of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the fifteenth century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which perhaps was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

THE

## NOBLE MORINGER.

---

I

O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,  
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay,  
He balssed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet as  
May,  
And said, "Now, Lady of my heart, attend the words I say

II

'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,  
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that  
mine,  
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge  
thy fay,  
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and  
day "

III

Then out and spake that Lady bright, sore troubled in her  
cheer,  
Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou  
there;  
And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway  
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?"



IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care,  
There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair,  
The trustest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state,  
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate

V.

"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have  
plight,  
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight  
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow  
now,  
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his  
vow "

VI

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him bowne,  
And met him there his chamberlain, with ewer and with gown  
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas fur'd with miniver,  
He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead  
fair

VII.

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou  
mine,  
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine  
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal  
train,  
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again "

VIII

The chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,  
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from  
me;  
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths  
didst thou say?  
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day "

## IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care,  
His gallant esquire stood him high, he was Marstetten's heir,  
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to  
me,

Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea'.

## X.

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land,  
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;  
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years are  
gone,

And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."

## XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,  
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue;  
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,  
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

## XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,  
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your  
vassals ride;

And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,  
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

## XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,  
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his  
cheek;

A long adieu he bids to all—hoists top-sails, and away,  
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and  
a day.

## XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,  
 When on the Baron's slumbering sense a hoding vision crept  
 And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "Tis time, Sir Knight, to  
     wake,  
 Thy Lady and thine heritage another master take

## XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein  
 And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train,  
 And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,  
 This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten'  
     heir."

## XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,  
 "Oh would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have I  
     heard!  
 To lose my lordship and my lands the lest would be my care,  
 But, God! that ere a squire untame should wed my Lady fair!

## XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my patron Saint  
     art thou,  
 A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow!  
 My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,  
 And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

## XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's  
     prayer,  
 And sent a sleep as deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his  
     care;  
 He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill,  
 High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

## XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,  
 And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around;  
 I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the stream I  
 know,  
 Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim's  
 walk.

## XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew,  
 So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knew;  
 The boon to the miller said, « Good friend, for charity,  
 Tell a poor pilgrim in yout land what tidings may there be »

## XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, « He knew of little news,  
 Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom chuse;  
 Her husband dwelt in distant land, such is the constant word,  
 His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy lord.

## XXII.

Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,  
 God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me,  
 And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take  
 their toll,  
 The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both rope and  
 stole »

## XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,  
 And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man,  
 Now help me every saint in heaven that can compassion take,  
 To gain the entrance of my hall this woe and weary man to break »

## XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,  
 For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with  
 woe,

And to the warder thus he spoke: "Friend, to thy Lady say,  
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

## XXV.

"I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well nigh  
done,

And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun;  
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole,  
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once loved husband's  
soul."

## XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,  
"A pilgrim worn and travel-toll'd stands at the castle door;  
And prays for sweet Saint Thomas' sake for harbour and for  
dole,

And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul.

## XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she  
said,

"And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed,  
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to  
stay,

These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a  
day."

## XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,  
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode;  
"And have thou thanks, kind Heaven," he said, "though from  
a man of sin,

the true lord stands here once more his castle gate  
within."

## XXIX.

Then up the hall paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow,  
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their lord to  
know;

He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe and wrong,  
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space so  
long.

## XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening  
hour,

The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial  
bower,

« Our castle's wont, » a brides-man said, « hath been both firm  
and long,

No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chaunt a song. »

## XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the  
bride,

« My merry min-strel folks, » quoth he, « lay shalun and harp  
aside ;

Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold ;  
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold. »

## XXXII.

« Chill flows the lay of frozen age, » 'twas thus the pilgrim  
sung,

« Nor golden need, nor garment gay, unlocks her heavy  
tongue ;

Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine  
And by my side as fair a bride, with all her charms, was mine

## XXXIII.

« But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-hair'd  
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow  
and beard ;

Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage  
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age. »

## XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woeful lay that hears,  
 And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dunn'd with tears  
 She bade her gallant cup-bearer a golden beaker take,  
 And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake

## XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine  
 A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine:  
 Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,  
 'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth

## XXXVI.

Then to the cup-bearer he said, « Do me one kindly deed,  
 And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy need  
 Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,  
 And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray »

## XXXVII.

The cup-bearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,  
 The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride,  
 « Lady, » he said, « your reverend guest sends this, and bids  
 you pray,  
 That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray »

## XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and  
 Then might you hear her shriek aloud, « The Moringer is  
 here ! »  
 Then might you see her start from seat, with tears in torrents  
 fell,  
 But whether 'twas for joy or woe the ladies best can tell

## XXXIX.

Beyond she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power  
 That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour,

And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there bride  
That had like her preserv'd her troth or been so sorely tried.

## XL.

Yet, here I claim the praise," she said, "to constant matrons  
due,  
Who keep the troth that they have plight so stedfastly and  
true,  
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aught,  
seven twelve months and a day are out when bells toll twelve  
to-night."

## XLI.

Thus Mustetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,  
He knel'd before the Moringer, and down his we upon threw,  
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words  
he said,  
Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's  
head."

## XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,  
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelve months and  
a day  
My daughter now hath fifteen yeers, faine speak her sweet and  
fair,  
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir."

## XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bride-  
groom the old,  
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually well  
told,  
Put blessings on the warder kind that open'd my castle gate,  
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late."





## MISCELLANIES.



# MISCELLANIES.

## WAR SONG

### OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?

*Caratach.* Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,  
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,  
The taking in of some rebellious lord,  
Or making head against a slight commotion,  
After a day of blood, peace might be argued :  
But where we grapple for the land we live on,  
• The liberty we hold more dear than life,  
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,  
And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—  
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,  
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance.  
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,  
And, where they march, but measure out more ground  
To add to Rome——

It must not be —No! as they are our foes,  
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;  
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,  
• That thinks to graft himself into my stock,  
Must first begin his kindred under ground,  
And be allied in ashes. ———

BONDULA.

The following War Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volun-

teers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797 consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant Colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure, of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, from the City and County, and two Corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus

*Promittunt in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros  
cogitant.*

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugle sound the call  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of Battle's on the breeze,  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;  
We boast the red and blue.<sup>1</sup>

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown  
 Dull Holland's tardy train;  
 Then ravished toys though Romans mourn,  
 Ilion, h gallant Switzers vainly spurn,  
 And, forming, grow the chain

- O had they mark'd the avenging call,  
 Then brethren's murder gave,  
 Drummer ne'er then ranks had mown,  
 Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
 Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,  
 In Freedom's temple born,  
 Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
 To hnd a master in our isle,  
 Or brook a victor's scorn?

- No! though destruction o'er the land  
 Come pouring, is a flood,  
 The sun that sees our falling day,  
 Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway  
 And set that night in blood

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards on the 1st 11th August 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorised the progressive injustice by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have at length been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A late legation is half enslaved!

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,  
To guard our King, to fence our Law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tri-color,  
Or footstep of invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;  
High sounds our bugle call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is, *Laws and Liberty!*  
March forward, one and all!

## THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

AN—The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphill, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,  
 And hammers din and anvil sounds,  
 And armourers, with iron toil,  
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.  
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel  
 Around the courser's thundering heel,  
 That ~~ear~~ shall dint a sable wound  
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,  
 Was heard afar the bugle horn;  
 And forth, in banded pomp and pride,  
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.  
 They swore, their banners broad should gleam,  
 In crimson light on Rymny's stream;  
 They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel  
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.



And sooth they swore—the sun arose,  
 And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;  
 For Clare's red banner, floating wide,  
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!  
 And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green  
 Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been  
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood  
 A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,  
 That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;  
 Their orphans long the art may rue,  
 For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.  
 No more the stamp of armed steed  
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;  
 Nor trace be there, in early spring,  
 Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

## THE LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON.

AIR—*Dafydd y Garreg-wen*.<sup>a</sup>

There is a tradition that Dafydd y Garreg-wen, a famous Welsh Bard, being on his death-bed, called for his harp, and composed the sweet melancholy air to which these verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament, for the moment is nigh,  
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;  
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,  
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "David of the white Rock."

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade  
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade ;  
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that  
          sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,  
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side ;  
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?  
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn ! thy daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair ;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,  
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy shades,  
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !  
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can  
          tell,  
Farewell, my loved harp ! my last treasure, farewell !

### THE MAID OF TORO.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,  
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark  
          wood,

All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,  
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.  
« O, saints ! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending ;  
Sweet Virgin ! who hearest the suppliant's cry ;  
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,  
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die ! »

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,  
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they  
fail,  
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread  
rattle,  
And the chace's wild clamour, came loading the  
gale.  
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;  
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;  
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,  
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

« O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying !  
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low !  
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying ;  
And fast through the woodland approaches the  
foe. »—

Scarcely could he falter the tidings of sorrow,  
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with  
despair :  
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Torc,  
For ever he set to the brave, and the fair.

## HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitar rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty  
and wide;  
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.  
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was  
bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer  
had died.

Dark green was the spot mid the brown mountain-  
heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,  
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst  
thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou  
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
And, oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—  
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted  
hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches  
are gleaming;  
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;  
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain  
lamb;

When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in  
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam. "  
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

MISCELLANIES.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—*“ A Border Melody ”*

he first stanza of this ballad is ancient The others were written  
for Mr Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?  
Why weep ye by the tide ?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride :  
And ye sall be his ~~br~~ide, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that check so pale ;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale ;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair ;  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.     †  
 They sought her both by bower and ha',  
 The ladie was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

### LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.



AIR — "*Gadil gu lo.*" †

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight;  
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;  
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,  
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,  
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

† "Sleep on till day." These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr Terry's drama of *Guy Mannering*.

## PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

AIR—*a Piobair of Dhonuil Duibh* \* 1

This is a very ancient Pibroch belonging to the Clan Mac Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic :

Piobaireachd Dhonuil, piobaireachd Dhonuil;  
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Duidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;  
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Duidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil,  
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochy.

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,  
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,  
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at  
Inverlochy.

PIBROCH of Donuill Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuill,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-Conuill.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.

\* The Pibroch of Donald the Black.



Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy :  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse uninter'd,  
The bride at the altar ;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges ;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded :  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!

### NORA'S VOW.

AN.—*« Cha ta'd mis a chaodh. »*<sup>1</sup>

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

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In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,  
 « The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
 Should all the race of nature die,  
 And none be left but he and I.  
 For all the gold, for all the gear,  
 And all the lands both far and near,  
 That ever valour lost or won,  
 I would not wed the Earlie's son.»

•

<sup>1</sup> « I will never go with him »

“ A maiden’s vows,” old Callum spoke,  
“ Are lightly made, and lightly broke ;  
The heather on the mountain’s height  
Begins to bloom in purple light ;  
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away  
That lustre deep from glen and brae ;  
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie’s son.”

“ The swan,” she said, “ the lake’s clear breast  
May barter for the eagle’s nest ;  
The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn,  
Our kilted clans, when blood is high ;  
Before their foes may turn and fly ;  
But I, were all these marvels done,  
Would never wed the Earlie’s son.”

Still in the water-lily’s shade  
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,  
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,  
Still downward foams the Awe’s fierce river ;  
To shun the clash of foeman’s steel,  
No Highland brogue has turn’d the heel ;  
But Nora’s heart is lost and won,  
—She ’s wedded to the Earlie’s son !

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

AIR—*« Thain' a Grigalach. »*<sup>1</sup>

Written for Albyn's Anthology.

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the ballad.

THE moon 's on the lake, and the mist's, on the brae,  
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day !  
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for flight, that from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo :  
Then haloo, Gregalach ! haloo, Gregalach !  
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours :  
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !  
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,  
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword :  
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalach,  
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles !  
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalach !  
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

<sup>1</sup> *« The MacGregor is come. »*

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Come then, Gregalach, come then, Gregalach,  
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,  
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!  
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

## DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—*«Malcolm Caird's come again.»*<sup>1</sup>

### CHORUS.

DONALD Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,  
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,  
Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;  
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,  
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;

<sup>1</sup> Caird signifies Tinker.

Tell the news in brugh or glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.

*Donald Caird's come again!*

- *Donald Caird's come again!*  
*Tell the news in brugh or glen,*  
*Donald Caird's come again.*

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin,  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;  
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
Not for bountith or reward  
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

*Donald Caird's come again!*

*Donald Caird's come again!*

*Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,*

*Donald Caird's come again!*

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;  
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor  
Kens how Donald bends a bicker.  
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,  
Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;  
Highland chief and Lawland laird,  
Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird!

*Donald Caird's come again!*

*Donald Caird's come again!*

*Tell the news in brugh and glen,*

*Donald Caird's come again.*

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,  
Else some gear may weel be mist;  
Donald Caird finds orra things  
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;  
Dunts of kebbeck, taits of woo,  
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,  
Webs or duds frac hedge or yard—  
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

*Donald Caird 's come again!*

*Donald Caird 's come again!*

*Dinna let the Shirra ken*

• *Donald Caird 's come again.*

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
Craig to tether, legs to airn;  
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study,  
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;  
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,  
Fell like ice frac hand and heel!  
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
Donald Caird 's come again!

*Donald Caird 's come again!*

*Donald Caird 's come again!*

*Dinna let the Justice ken*

*Donald Caird 's come again!*

## MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

AIR—*«Cha tull mi tuille.»*<sup>1</sup>

● Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, *«Cha tull mi tuille; ged thlis Macleod, cha tull Macrimmon,»* *«I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Macrimmon shall never return!»* The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,  
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the gallies;  
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver,  
As Mackrimmon sings, *«Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!*  
*Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;*  
*Farewell each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming;*  
*Farewell lonely SKYE, to lake, mountain, and river,*  
*Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!*

*«Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping,*  
*Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;*  
*To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—*  
*Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!*

♥The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,  
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;  
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,  
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

<sup>1</sup> *«We return no more.»*      \*



“ Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon’s bewailing  
 Be heard when the GAEL on their exile are sailing ;  
 Dear land ! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,  
 Return—return—return—shall we never,

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

Ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon !

## ON ETTRICK FOREST’S MOUNTAINS DUN.<sup>1</sup>

ON Ettrick Forest’s mountains dun,  
 ’T is blithe to hear the sportsman’s gun,  
 And seek the heath-frequenting brood  
 Far through the noon-day solitude ;  
 By many a cairn and trenched mound,  
 Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,  
 And springs, where grey-hair’d shepherds tell,  
 That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,  
 ’T is blithe the mimic fly to lead,  
 When to the hook the salmon springs,  
 And the line whistles through the rings ;  
 The boiling eddy see him try,  
 Then dashing from the current high,  
 Till watchful eye and cautious hand  
 Have led his wasted strength to land.

’T is blithe along the midnight tide,  
 With stalwart arm the boat to guide ;

<sup>1</sup> Written after a week’s shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends.

On high the dazzling blaze to rear,  
 And heedful plunge the barbed spear;  
 Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,  
 Fling on the stream their ruddy light,  
 And from the bank our band appears  
 Like genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,  
 How we succeed, and how we fail,  
 Whether at ALWYN'S<sup>1</sup> lordly meal,  
 Or lowlier board of ASHESTEEL;<sup>2</sup>  
 While the gay tapers cheerly shine,  
 Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—  
 Days free from thought, and nights from care.  
 My blessing on the forest fair!

## THE SUN UPON THE WIERDLAW-HILL.

AIR—*« Rimhin a'luin 'stu mo run. »*

- <sup>1</sup> The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology. The words written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON'S Scottish Melodies.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,  
 In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;  
 The westland wind is hush and still,  
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.

<sup>1</sup> *Alwyn*, the seat of the Lord Somerville, now, alas! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend.

<sup>2</sup> *Ashesteel*, the poet's residence at that time.

Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore;  
 Though evening, with her richest dye,  
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,  
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
 And coldly mark the holy fane  
 Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.  
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—  
 Are they still such as once they were,  
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,  
 How can it bear the painter's dye!  
 The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,  
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!  
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:  
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

## THE MAID OF ISLA.

*All from "The Maid of Isla."* \*

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON'S Scottish Melodies

O MAID of Isla, from the cliff,  
 That looks on troubled wave and sky,  
 Dost thou not see yon little skiff,  
 Contend with ocean gallantly?

Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,  
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,  
 Why does she war unequal urge?—  
 O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,  
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,  
 Against the storm-clad, lowering dark,  
 As to the rock she wheels away;—  
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,  
 Why to the shelter should she come  
 Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—  
 O maid of Isla, 't is her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,  
 Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,  
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,  
 Where sea birds close their wearied wing.  
 Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,  
 Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;  
 For in thy love, or in his grave,  
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

## THE FC

Set to music by JOHN WHITEHEAD. Mus. Doc. Cam.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,  
 And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red;  
 Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone!  
 There are dangers to dare, and there 's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,  
 For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,  
 And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,  
 The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;  
 And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud:  
 'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye  
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blythe Grey!  
 There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;  
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane  
 Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The draw-bridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown;  
 One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone!—  
 To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the slain;  
 To their health, and their glee, that see Teviot again!

## THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—*Ymndaith Mionge.*

Written for Mr GEORGE THOMSON'S Welch Melodies.

ÆTHELRID, or OLFRID, king of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British were totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monks'-March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omen'd procession.

---

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang  
 Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,

Veiled nun and friar grey  
 March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye :  
 High their holy anthem sounds,  
 Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,  
 Floating down the sylvan Dee,  
*O miserere, Domine !*

On the long procession goes,  
 Glory round their crosses glows,  
 And the Virgin-mother mild  
 In their peaceful banner smiled :  
 Who could think such saintly band  
 Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand !  
 Such was the divine decree,  
*O miserere, Domine !*

Bands that masses only sung,  
 Hands that censers only swung,  
 Met the northern bow and bill,  
 Heard the war-cry wild and shrill :  
 Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,  
 Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,  
 Woe to Saxon cruelty,  
*O miserere, Domine !*

Weltering amid warriors  
 Spurn'd by steeds with  
 Slaughter'd down by  
 Bangor's peaceful monks  
 Word of parting rest un  
 Mass unsung, and bread unbroke ;  
 For their souls for charity,  
*Sing O miserere, Domine !*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,  
 Long the ruins told the tale,  
 Shatter'd towers and broken arch  
 Long recall'd the woeful march.<sup>1</sup>  
 On thy shrine no tapers burn,  
 Never shall thy priests return;  
 The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee.  
*O miserere Domine!*

## THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

ON,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAN

Written in 1817.

O, for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,  
 That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,  
 And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly  
 When Giam Battista bade her vision had!  
 Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail  
 Given by the natives of that land canorous:  
 Italian licence loves to leap the pale,  
 We Britons have the fear of shame before us,  
 And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM OF MARSBURGH says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre; *et semirutæ parietes ecclesiæ arum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba ruderum quantum vix alibi æernas.*

<sup>2</sup> The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Comtesse Maquen*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,  
 Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,  
 Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,  
 Beheld all others fixed upon the ground ;  
 Whose ears receiv'd the same unvaried phrase,  
 " Sultaun ! thy vassal hears, and he obeys ! " —  
 All have their tastes — this may the fancy strike  
 Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like ;  
 For me, I love the honest heart and warm  
 Of monarch who can amble round his farm.  
 Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,  
 In chimney corner seek domestic joys —  
 I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,  
 Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass ;  
 In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,  
 Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay —  
 Such monarchs best our free-born humours suit,  
 But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway —  
 And where's Serendib ? may some critic say —  
 Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,  
 Scare not my Pegasus before I start !  
 If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,  
 The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map, —  
 Famed mariner ! whole merciless narrations  
 Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,  
 Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,  
 He deign'd to tell them over to a porter —  
 The last edition : see by Long. and Co.,  
 Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.



Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—  
 This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—  
 (A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,  
 To raise the spirits and reform the juices,  
 Sovereign specific for all sort of cures  
 In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours.)  
 The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,  
 Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—  
 Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams  
 With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes  
 Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,  
 I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,  
 Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy  
 That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy;  
 In his long list of melancholies, mad,  
 Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,  
 As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;  
 With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,  
 Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside.

And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,  
 "His majesty is very far from well."  
 Then each to work with his specific fell:  
 The Hakim Ibrahim *instant* brought  
 His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkant,<sup>1</sup>  
 While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,  
 Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.  
 More and yet more in deep array appear,  
 And some the front assail and some the rear;

<sup>1</sup> For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.

Their remedies to reinforce and vary,  
 Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;  
 Till the tired monarch, though of words grown  
     chary,  
 Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,  
 Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.  
 There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,  
 To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,  
 (They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,  
 And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders)  
 Tatárs and couriers in all speed were sent,  
 To call a sort of Eastern parliament  
     Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—  
 Such have the Persians at this very day,  
 My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai*;<sup>1</sup>  
 I'm not prepared to show in this slight song  
 That to Serendib the same forms belong,—  
 Even let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

The Omrahs,<sup>2</sup> each with hand on scymitar,  
 Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—  
 "The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath  
 Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death;  
 Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,  
 Rang the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle!  
 This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day  
 Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,

<sup>1</sup> See Sir John Malcolm's admirable *History of Persia*.

<sup>2</sup> Nobility.

When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,  
 And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.  
 Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—  
 And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Commons!  
 The Riots who attended in their places

(Serendib-language calls a farmer Riot)

Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,  
 From this oration auguring much disquiet,  
 Double assessment, forage, and free quarters:  
 And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,  
 Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,  
 Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation.

Bald heads, whitebeards, and many a turban green  
 Imaum and Mollah there of every station.

Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.

Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque

With sitting revenues should be erected,  
 With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,

To recreate a band of priests selected;  
 Others opined that through the realms a dole

Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit  
 The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul;

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,  
 More closely touch'd the point;—"Thy studious  
 mood,"

Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood  
 And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure  
 Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,  
 And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure;  
 From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,  
 And leave the burthen to thy faithful clergy."

These counsels sage availed not a whit,  
 And so the patient (as is not uncommon  
 Where grave physicians lose their time and wit,)  
 Resolved to take advice of an old woman;  
 His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,  
 And still was call'd so by each subject duteous.  
 Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,  
 Or only made believe, I cannot say—  
 But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,  
 By dint of magic amulet or lay;  
 And, when all other skill in vain was shown.  
 She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

“*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done”  
 (Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son),  
 “It works upon the fibres and the pores,  
 And thus, insensibly, our health restores,  
 And it must help us here.—Thou must endure  
 The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.  
 Search land and sea, and get, where’er you can,  
 The inmost vesture of a happy man,  
 I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, taken warm  
 And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,  
 Bid every current of your veins rejoice,  
 And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy’s.”  
 Such was the counsel from his mother came.  
 I know not if she had some under-game,  
 As doctors have, who bid their patients roam  
 And live abroad, when sure to die at home;  
 Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,  
 Queen Regent sounded better than Queen Mother;  
 But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it?)  
 That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,  
 In gilded galley prompt to plough the main  
 The old Rais<sup>1</sup> was the first who question'd,  
 “Whither?”

They paused—“Arabia,” thought the pensive Prince,  
 “Was call'd The Happy many ages since

For Mokha, Rais.”—And they came safely thither  
 But not in Araby with all her balm,  
 Not where Judæa weeps beneath her palm,  
 Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,  
 Could there the step of Happiness be traced.  
 One Copt also profess'd to have seen her smile,  
 When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile,  
 She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd  
 But vanish'd from him with the ended draught

“Enough of turbans,” said the weary King,  
 These dolimans of ours are not the thing,  
 Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap. I  
 incline to think some of them must be happy,  
 At least they have as fair a cause as any can  
 They drink good wine, and keep no Ramazan  
 Then northward, ho!” The vessel cuts the sea,  
 And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—  
 But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd  
 Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,  
 From her throne of domination tumbled,  
 Her quondam vassals, sorely humbled,  
 Shep<sup>e</sup> himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean.  
 And was not half the man he once had been.

<sup>1</sup> Master of the vessel

While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,  
 Our poor old boot,<sup>3</sup> they said, «is torn to pieces.  
 Its tops? the vengeful claws of Austria feel,  
 And the Great Devil is tending toe and heel.»  
 If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,  
 We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bull;  
 A trumontane, a heretic, -the buck,  
 Poffaradio<sup>1</sup> till has all the luck,  
 By land or oce he never strikes his flag—  
 And then—a perfect walking money-bag »  
 Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,  
 But first took France—it lay upon the road

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,  
 Was agitated like a settling ocean,  
 Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail'd him  
 Only the glory of his house had fail'd him,  
 Besides some tumours on his noddle bidm<sup>o</sup>,  
 Gave indication of a recent hiding.<sup>4</sup>

Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are  
 heedless,  
 Thought it a thing indelicate and needless  
 To ask, if at that moment he was happy,  
 And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a  
 loud voice muster'd up, for «*P'vue le Roi !*»  
 Then whisper'd, «Ave you any news of Nappy ?»

The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map  
 Florence, Venice, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the  
 leaders was called *Fra Diavolo*, i. e. Brother Devil

<sup>4</sup> Or drubbing so called in the Slang dictionary

The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question,  
 "Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,  
 That dwells somewhere beyond your herring  
 pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,  
 The party shrugg'd, and grin'd, and took his snuff  
 And found his whole good breeding scarce enough

Twitching his visage into as many puckers  
 As damsels wot to put into their tuckers  
 (Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,  
 And bade the veil of modesty be drawn),  
 Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,  
 "Jean Bool! — I vas not know him — yes, I vas  
 I vas remember dat von year or two,  
 I saw him at von place called Vaterloo —  
 Ma foi! il s'est très-joliment battu,  
 Dat is for Englishman, — m'entendez-vous?  
 But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,  
 Regue I no like — dey call him Vellington."  
 Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,  
 So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the streight

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,  
 Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;  
 His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
 And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.  
 wars were ended, and the victory won,  
 then, 't was reckoning-day with honest John,  
 authors vouch 't was still this Worthy's way.  
 ver to grumble till he came to ]

And then he always thinks, his temper's such,  
 'The work too little, and the pay too much.'  
 'Tis a grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,  
 That when his mortal foe was on the floor,  
 And past the power to harm his quiet more,  
 • Poor John had well nigh wept for Buonaparte!  
 Such was the wight whom Solimann salam'd,  
 « And who are you,» John answer'd, « and be d—d!»

« A stranger, come to see the happiest man,  
 • So, Seignior, all avouch,—in Frangistan.»—  
 « Happy ' my tenants breaking on my hand?  
 Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;  
 Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths  
 The sole consumers of my good broad cloths—  
 Happy ' why, cursed war and racking tax  
 • Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.»  
 In that case, Seignior, I may take my leave.  
 I came to ask a favour—but I grieve—  
 « I favour?» said John, and eyed the Sultraun hard.  
 « It's my belief you came to break the yard!  
 But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,  
 Take that, to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.»—  
 With that he cluck'd a guinea at his head;  
 But, with due dignity, the Sultraun said,—  
 « Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;  
 A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.  
 Seignior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well,»  
 Kiss and be d—d,—d,» quoth John, « and go to hell!»



Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,  
 Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg,  
 When the blithe bagpipe blew -- but soberer now,  
 She *doutely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.  
 And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,  
 Not now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,  
 Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,  
 And once a week a plenteous board she kept.  
 And whereas eke the vixen used her claws,  
 And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,  
 She now was grown amenable to laws.

A quiet soul as any in the nation;  
 The sole remembrance of her waillike joys  
 Was in old songs she sang to please her boys  
 John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife  
 She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,  
 Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,  
 Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labour,  
 Loved a long grace and spoke a northern jargon,  
 And was d- —d close in making of a bargain

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,  
 And with decorum curtsied sister Peg,  
 (She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,  
 And guess'd at once with whom she had to do )  
 She bade him « sit into the fire, » and took  
 Her dram, her cake, her kelpbock from the nook;  
 Asked him « about the news from eastern parts;  
 And of her absent bairns, pair Highland hearts '  
 If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,  
 And if the *mitnugs* were grown *ony* cheaper ' --

Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park--  
 Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?  
 If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,  
 I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle,  
 In search of goods her customer to nail,  
 Until the Sultann strain'd his princely throttle,  
 And hollow'd,—"Ma'am, that is not what I ail.  
 Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"  
 "Happy?" said Peg; "What for d'ye want to ken?  
 Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,  
 Grain wadna pay the yoking of the plough."  
 "What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae dear,  
 To mak their *bros* my barns have scarce aneugh."  
 "The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,  
 "I think my quest will end as it began.  
 Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"  
 "Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,  
 The Sultann's royal bark is steering,  
 The emer'ld Isle where honest Paddy dwells,  
 The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.  
 For a long space had John, with words of thunder,  
 Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,  
 Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,  
 Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.  
 Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,  
 A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;  
 His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,  
 Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place;

His garment was a top-coat, and an old one  
 His meal was a pot itoe, and a cold one  
 But still for fun or ficlie, and all that,  
 In the round world was not the match of Pat '.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,  
 Which is with Paddy still a jolly day  
 When mass is ended, and his load of sins  
 Confess'd, and Mother Church bath from her banns  
 Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,  
 Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit ' !  
 To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,  
 And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.  
 « By Mahomet, » said Sultaun Solmann  
 « That ragged fellow is out very man ' !  
 Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,  
 But, will he nill he, let me have his shirt »

Shuld a then plan was well nigh after baulking,  
 (Much less provocation will set it a-walking),  
 But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack  
 They seized, and they floor'd, and they strupp'd him  
 —Alack ' !

Up-bubbho ' Paddy had not —a shirt to his back!!!  
 And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame  
 Went back to Berendib as sad as he came.

## THE POACHER.

### A FRAGMENT.

“WELCOME,  
 Where h                    nger, to our green retreats,  
 With exercise and freedom meets '

Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan  
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man;  
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,  
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls;  
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,  
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.  
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind  
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;  
Thine eye, applaudive, each sly vermin sees,  
That haulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;  
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,  
Our buckskin'd justices expound the law,  
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,  
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;  
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke  
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,  
To give the denizens of wood and wild,  
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.  
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race  
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,  
And long'd to send them forth as free as when  
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,  
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,  
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!  
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd,  
On every covey fired a bold brigade:  
*La Douce Humanité* approved the sport,  
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt;  
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,  
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté!*  
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,  
With some few added links resumes his chain;

Then since such scenes to France no more are known,  
 Come, view with me a hero of thine own!  
 One, whose free actions vindicate the cause  
 Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops  
 Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,  
 Leaving between deserted isles of land,  
 Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand;  
 And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,  
 Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.  
 Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,  
 Our scarce-mark'd path descends yon dingle deep.  
 Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—  
 In earthly mire philosophy may slip.  
 Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,  
 Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,  
 We reach the frail yet barricaded door  
 Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;  
 No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,  
 The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;  
 For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,  
 Rise in the progress of one night and day  
 (Though placed where still the Conqueror's best  
     o'erawe,  
 And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law),  
 The builder claims the unenviable boon,  
 To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon  
 As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore  
 On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Such is the law in the Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly  
 to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and

Approach, and through the unlatticed window  
peep—

Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;  
Sunk<sup>a</sup> mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun  
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.  
Loaded and primed, and prompt from desperate hand,  
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,  
While round the hut are in disorder laid  
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;  
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,  
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.  
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,  
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—  
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,  
That while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)  
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,  
Doc-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,  
Gordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.  
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,  
You cask holds moonlight, <sup>1</sup> run when moon was  
gone:

And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,  
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:  
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!

deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

<sup>1</sup> A cant name for smuggled spirits.

His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,  
 And his dilated nostril toils in vain,  
 For short and scant the breath each effort draws,  
 And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.  
 Beyond the loose and sable neck-cloth stretch'd,  
 His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,  
 While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,  
 Sounds of dire-import—watch-word, threat and oath.  
 Though, stupified by toil and drugg'd with gin,  
 The body sleep, the restless guest within  
 Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,  
 Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.--

« Was that wild start of terror and despair,  
 Those bursting eye-balls, and that wilder'd air.  
 Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?  
 Do the locks bristle and the eye-brows arch,  
 For grouse or partridge massacred in March?»

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,  
 There is no wicket in the gate of law!  
 He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar  
 That awful portal, must undo each bar;  
 Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,  
 Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier  
 wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,  
 Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call black Ned,  
 Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,  
 That ever play'd on holiday his part!  
 The leader he in every Christmas game,  
 The harvest feast grew blither when he came,

And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,  
 When Edward named the tune and led the dance.  
 Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,  
 Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;  
 And if he loved a gun, his father swore,  
 " 'T was but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,  
 ' Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,  
 Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.  
 The common dread of justice soon allies  
 The clown, who robs the warren or excise,  
 With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,  
 Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.  
 Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,  
 Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—  
 Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,  
 ' Their hope impunity, their fear the law ;  
 Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,  
 Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,  
 Flesh the young culprit, and example leads  
 To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,  
 And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song ;  
 ' Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,  
 ' Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.  
 ' When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,  
 From the green marshes of the stagnant brook  
 The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook ;  
 The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam,  
 Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam :



The old oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,  
 Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—  
 'T was then, that, couch'd amid the brush-wood sere  
 In Malwood-walk, young Mansell watch'd the deer:  
 The fattest buck received his deadly shot—  
 The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.  
 Stout were their hearts; and stubborn was their strife.  
 O'erpower'd at length the outlaw drew his knife!  
 Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—  
 The rest his waking agony may tell!

## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

### I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting  
     Over Waterloo;  
 Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,  
     Faint and low they crew,  
 For no paly beam yet shone  
 On the heights of Mount Saint John;  
 Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway  
 Of timeless darkness over day;  
 Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,  
 Mark'd it a predestined hour.  
 Broad and frequent through the night  
 Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;  
 Muskets, glancing lightnings back,  
 Show'd the dreary bivouack  
     Where the soldier lay,  
 Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,  
 Wishing dawn of morn again,  
     Though death should come with day.

## II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,  
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,  
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,  
Gleam on the gifted ken;  
And then the affrighted prophet's ear  
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,  
Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men :—

Apart from Albyn's war-array,  
'T was then grey Allan sleepless lay;  
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,

Had follow'd stout and stern,  
Where through battle's rout and reel,  
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,  
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.

Through steel and shot he leads no more,  
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—  
But long his native lake's wild shore,  
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower

And Morvern long shall tell,  
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,  
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,  
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra  
Of conquest as he fell.

## III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,  
The weary sentinel held post,  
And heard, through darkness far aloof,  
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,

Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,  
 And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse,  
 But there are sounds in Allan's ear,  
 Patrol nor sentinel may hear,  
 And sights before his eye aghast  
 Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain  
 'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,  
 Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,  
 Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,

And doom'd the future slain —  
 Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard  
 When Scotland's James his march prepar'd

For Flodden's fatal plain,  
 Such, when he drew his ruthless sword  
 As Chusers of the Slain, adored

The yet unchristen'd Dane.  
 An indistinct and phantom band,  
 They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand  
 With gesture wild and dread;

The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm  
 Saw through their faint and shadowy form  
 The lightning's flash more red:

And still their ghastly roundelay  
 Was of the coming battle-fray,  
 And of the destined dead.

## IV

## SONG.

Wheel the wild dance,

And thunders rattle loud,  
 And call the brave  
 To bloody grave,  
 To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,  
 So light and fleet,  
 They do not bend the rye  
 That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave.  
 And swells again in eddying wave,  
 As each wild gust blows by;  
 But still the corn,  
 At dawn of morn,  
 Our fatal steps that bore,  
 At eve lies waste,  
 A trampled paste  
 Of blackening mud and gore.

## V. •

Wheel the wild dance,  
 While lightnings glance,  
 And thunders rattle loud,  
 And call the brave  
 To bloody grave,  
 To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!  
 Brave sons of France,  
 For you our ring makes room;  
 Makes space full wide  
 For martial pride,  
 For banner, spear, and plume.

Approach, draw near,  
Proud cuirassier!  
Room for the men of steel!  
Through crest and plate,  
The broad-sword's weight  
Both head and heart shall feel.

## VI.

Wheel the wild dance,  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!  
You feel us near  
In many a ghastly dream;  
With fancy's eye  
Our forms you spy,  
And hear our fatal scream.  
With clearer sight  
Ere falls the night,  
Just when to weal or woe  
Your disembodied souls take flight  
On trembling wing—each startled sprite  
Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance,  
While lightnings glance,

## MISCELLANIES

And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,  
Redder rain shall soon be ours—  
See the east grows wan—  
Yield we place to sterner game,  
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame  
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;  
Elemental rage is tame  
To the wrath of man.

## VIII

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe  
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,  
The legend heard him say;  
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,  
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,  
Ere closed that bloody day—  
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—  
But often of the Dance of Death  
His comrades tell the tale  
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,  
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,  
And dawn is glimmering pale.

## FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam.

Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me  
 Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home  
 Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking  
 The language alternate of rapture and woe  
 Oh! none but some lover, whose heart stings are breaking  
 The pang that I feel at our parting, can know

Each joy thou couldst double, and when then came sorrow  
 Or pale disappointment, to darken my way  
 What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow  
 I'll forget in the strain was the grief of to-day!  
 But when friends drop around us in life's weary wing,  
 The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage  
 Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining  
 The language of pain, and the dullness of age

I was thou that once taught me in accents bewailing  
 To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,  
 And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,  
 And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain,  
 As yon those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers  
 To a bud when the reign of his fancy is o'er,  
 And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—  
 Farewell then—Enchantress! I meet thee no more

### EPITAPH ON MRS ERSKINE

PRIZE, as her native dignity of mind,  
 Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd  
 Unlaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,  
 Emblem of lovely form, and candid soul. —  
 But, Oh! what symbol may avail, to tell  
 The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well!

What sculpture show the broken ties of life,  
 Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife !  
 Or, on the tablet, stamp each title dear,  
 By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear !  
 Yet, taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume  
 Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,  
 Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow.  
 And brief, alas ! as thy brief span below.

### MR KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
 Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—  
 Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
 And longs to rush on the embattled lines,  
 So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,  
 Can scarce sustain to think our parting near ;  
 To think my scenic hour for ever past,  
 And that those valued plaudits are my last.  
 Why should we part, while still some powers remain,  
 That in your service strive not yet in vain ?  
 Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,  
 And sense of duty fire the fading eye ?  
 And all the wrongs of age remain subdued  
 Beneath the burning glow of gratitude ?  
 Ah no ! the taper, wearing to its close,  
 Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows ;  
 But all too soon the transient gleam is past,  
 It cannot be renew'd, and will not last ;



Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage  
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.  
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,  
To live a pensioner on your 'applause,  
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,  
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy,  
Till every sneering youth around enquires,  
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"  
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,  
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.  
This must not be;—and higher duties crave  
Some space between the theatre and the grave;  
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,  
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:  
My life's brief act in public service flown,  
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts  
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts.  
Not quite to be forgotten, even when  
You look on better actors, younger men:  
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt  
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—  
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came  
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!  
How oft around your circle this weak hand  
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand.  
Till the full burst of inspiration came,  
And I have felt, and you have fan'd the flame!  
By memory treasured, while her reign endures,  
Those hours must live—and all their charms are  
yours.

O favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,  
 For manly talent and for female charms,  
 Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,  
 What fervent benedictions now were thine!  
 But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,  
 When e'en your praise falls faultering from my  
 tongue;  
 And all that you can hear, or I can tell,  
 My Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL!

## EPILOGUE TO THE APPEAL,

SPOKEN BY MRS H. SIDDONS.

A year of yore (or else old Æsop lied)  
 Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,  
 But spied a mouse upon her marriage day,  
 Forgot her spouse and seized upon her prey;  
 Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,  
 Threw off poor me and pounced upon papa.  
 His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose;  
 He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.  
 Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour  
 Since the New Jail became our next door neighbour.

Yes, times *are* changed, for in your fathers' age  
 The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;

It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre

However high advanced by future fate,  
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that first  
received their weight.

The future legal sage, 't was ours to see,  
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now astounding each poor mimic elf,  
Instead of lawyers comes the Law herself;  
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,  
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;  
While on the left, she agitates the town  
With the tempestuous question, Up or down?<sup>1</sup>  
Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,  
Law's final end and law's uncertainty.  
But soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,  
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.  
Then—just farewell! we wait with serious awe,  
Till your applause or censure gives the law,  
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,  
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

### SONG.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,  
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,  
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,  
For those raptures that still are thine own.

<sup>1</sup> At this time the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning the range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,  
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,  
'T is the ardour of August matures us the wine  
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,  
Has assumed a proportion more round,  
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,  
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,  
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;  
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain  
For me the kind language of love!

### THE PALMER.

« O OPEN the door, some pity to show,  
Keen blows the northern wind;  
The glen is white with the drifted snow,  
And the path is hard to find.

« No outlaw seeks your castle gate,  
From chasing the king's deer,  
Though even an outlaw's wretched state  
Might claim compassion here.

« A weary Palmer, worn and weak,  
I wander for my sin;  
O open for Our Lady's sake,  
A pilgrim's blessing win!

“ I’ll give you pardons from the pope,  
And reliques from o’er the sea,—  
Or if for these you will not ope,  
Yet open for charity:

“ The hare is crouching in her form,  
The hart beside the hind ;  
An aged man, amid the storm,  
No shelter can I find.

“ You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,  
Dark, deep, and strong is he,  
And I must ford the Ettrick o’er,  
Unless you pity me.

“ The iron gate is bolted hard,  
At which I knock in vain ;  
The owner’s heart is closer barr’d,  
Who hears me thus complain.

“ Farewell, farewell ! and Mary grant,  
When old and frail you be,  
You never may the shelter want,  
That’s now denied to me.»

The ranger on his couch lay warm,  
And heard him plead in vain ;  
But oft, amid December’s storm,  
He’ll hear that voice again :

For lo, when through the vapours dank,  
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,  
A corpse amid the elders rank,  
The Palmer welter’d there.

## THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

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[There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption, and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an instance similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's *Fleur d'Épine*.]

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O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,  
 And lovers' ears in hearing;  
 And love, in life's extremity,  
 Can lend an hour of cheering.  
 Disease had been in Mary's bower,  
 And slow decay from mourning,  
 Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,  
 To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
 Her form decay'd by pining,

Till through her wasted hand, at night,  
You saw the taper shining.  
By fits, a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying;  
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,  
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,  
Seem'd in her frame residing;  
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,  
She heard her lover's riding;  
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,  
She knew, and waved to greet him;  
And o'er the battlement did bend,  
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,  
As o'er some stranger glancing;  
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
Lost in his courser's prancing—  
The castle arch, whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken,  
Could hardly catch the feeble moan,  
Which told her heart was broken.

### WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,  
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea:  
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,  
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,  
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain ;  
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,  
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were  
wailing,  
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,  
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,  
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,  
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,  
Music to me were the wildest winds roaring,  
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did  
rattle,  
And blythe was each heart for the great victory,  
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,  
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,  
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar,  
And, trust me, I'll smile though my een they may  
glisten ;  
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween  
lovers,  
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro'  
the e'e ;  
How often the kindest, and warmest prove rovers,  
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea



Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd,

If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,

Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,

Hardships and danger despising for fame,

Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,

Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame.

Enough now thy story in annals of glory

Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain ;

No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,

I never will part with my Willie again.

### HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,

On the mountain dawns the day,

All the jolly chase is here,

With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;

Hounds are in their couples yelling,

Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,

Merrily, merrily, merrily they,

“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chaunt our lay,  
« Waken, lords and ladies gay.»

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green wood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
« Waken, lords and ladies gay.»

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

### THE VIOLET.

The violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
 Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,  
 I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
 More sweet through warry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
 Nor longer in my false love's eye,  
 Remain the tear of parting sorrow.

### TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,  
 On the ruin'd rampart grew,  
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
 Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger  
 Pluck no longer laurels there :  
 They ~~but~~ yield the passing stranger  
 Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

### THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN  
 THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE Forest of Glenmore drear,  
 It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree ;

And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,  
Is whistling the forest lullaby :  
The moon looks through the drifting storm,  
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,  
For the waves roll whitening to the land,  
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees  
That mingles with the groaning oak—  
That mingles with the stormy breeze,  
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock ;—  
There is a voice within the wood,  
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood ;  
His song was louder than the blast,  
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

Wake ye from your sleep of death,  
Minstrels and Bards of other days !  
For the midnight wind is on the heath,  
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze !  
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand, <sup>1</sup>  
Is wandering through the wild woodland ;  
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,  
And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty, wake and say,  
To what high strain your harps were strung,  
When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,  
And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?  
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,  
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,

<sup>1</sup> The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg, or Red-hand.

All, by your harpings doom'd to die  
On bloody Largs and Loncarty. <sup>1</sup>

« Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange  
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;  
Nor through the pines with whistling change,  
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!  
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute,  
When Murder with his bloody foot,  
And Rapine with his iron hand,  
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

« O yet awake the strain to tell,  
By every deed in song enroll'd,  
By every chief who fought or fell,  
For Albion's weal in battle bold;—  
From Coilgach, <sup>2</sup> first who roll'd his car,  
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,  
To him, of veteran memory dear,  
Who victor died on Aboukir.

« By all their swords, by all their scars,  
By all their names, a mighty spell!  
By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!  
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,  
More impious than the heathen Dane,  
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,  
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!»—

<sup>1</sup> Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

<sup>2</sup> The Galgacus of Tacitus

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—  
 Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,  
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,  
 At the dread voice of other years—  
 « When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,  
 And blades round warriors' heads were flung.  
 The foremost of the band were we,  
 And hymn'd the joys of Liberty !»

## THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.—1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,  
 Though bootless be the theme ;  
 I loved, and was beloved again,  
 Yet all was but a dream :  
 For, as her love was quickly got,  
 So it was quickly gone ;  
 No more I'll bask in flame so hot,  
 But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er  
 My fancy shall beguile,  
 By flattering word, or feigned fear,  
 By gesture, look or smile :  
 No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,  
 Till it has fairly flown,  
 Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;  
 I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,  
In cheek, or chin, or brow,  
And deem the glance of woman's eye  
As weak as woman's vow :  
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,  
That is but lightly won ;  
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,  
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,  
The diamond's ray abides,  
The flame its glory hurls about,  
The gem its lustre hides ;  
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,  
And glow'd a diamond stone,  
But, since each eye may see it shine,  
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought  
With dies so bright and vain,  
No silken net, so slightly wrought,  
Shall tangle me again :  
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,  
I'll live upon mine own ;  
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—  
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest, —  
"Thy loving labour's lost ;  
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,  
To be so strangely crost :

The widow'd turtles mateless die,  
 The phoenix is but one ;  
 They seek no loves — no more will I—  
 I'll rather dwell alone."

## EPITAPH.

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LITCHFIELD CATHEDRAL,

*At the Burial Place of the Family of Miss Seward*

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts show'd  
 The heavenward path-way which in life he trod,  
 This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,  
 And those he loved in life, in death are near;  
 For him, for them, a daughter bade it rise,  
 Memorial of domestic charities.

Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marblespread,  
 In female grace the willow droops her head;  
 What on her branches, silent and unstrung,  
 The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;  
 What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust,  
 Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—  
 Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,  
 Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD lies!  
 Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—  
 Go seek her genius in her living lay.



## THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

ONCE again, but how changed since my wand'rings  
began—

I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,  
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar,  
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.  
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn;  
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?  
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,  
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my  
strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and un-  
known,

High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown:  
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,  
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.  
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire  
At the rush of their verse and the sweep of their lyre:  
To me 'twas legend, nor tale to the ear,  
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,  
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;  
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,  
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more  
 Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—  
 Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou  
     burn?

They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she too a phantom, the maid who stood by,  
 And list'd my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?  
 Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,  
 Then dispers'd in the sun-beam or melted to dew?  
 Oh! would it had been so! Oh! would that her eye  
 Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,  
 And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,  
 Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still!

Oh! would it had been so! Not then this poor heart  
 Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;  
 To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,  
 While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.  
 Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,  
 And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,  
 "Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your  
     train,  
 And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again!"

### ON 'THE MASSACRE OF' GLENCOE.

"O TELL me, harper, wherefore flow  
 Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
 Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
     Where none may list their melody?"

Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,  
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum.  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay at guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.  
His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
Meed for his hospitality!  
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

## MISCELLANIES.

“Then woman’s shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy’s unpitied plain,  
More than the warrior’s groan, could gain  
    Respite from ruthless butchery!  
The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloked the hill,  
Though wild and pitiless, had still  
    Far more than southron clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings; and faint their tone,  
They can but sound in desert lone  
    Their grey-hair’d master’s misery.  
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
    ‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

## PROLOGUE

TO MISS BAILEY’S PLAY OF THE FAMILY LEGEND.

’T is sweet to hear expiring summer’s sigh,  
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;  
’T is sweet and sad the latest notes to hear  
Of distant music, dying on the ear;  
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,  
We list the legends of our native land,  
Link’d as they come with every tender tie,  
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,  
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.  
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,  
Or till Acadia's<sup>1</sup> winter-fetter'd soil,  
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,  
And as he hears, what dear illusions rise!  
It opens on his soul his native dell,  
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell;  
Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the plain,  
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;  
The cot beneath whose simple porch were told,  
By grey-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,  
The infant group that hush'd their sports the while,  
And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.  
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,  
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,  
And sleep they in the poet's gifted mind?  
Oh no! for she, within whose mighty page  
Each tyrant passion shows his woe and rage,  
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,  
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.  
Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail  
By Mull's dark coast has heard this evening's tale.  
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,  
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar  
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night  
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;  
Proudly prefer'd that first our efforts give  
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;

<sup>1</sup> Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

More proudly yet, should Caledon approve  
The filial token of a daughter's love!

## FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL TO Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,  
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;  
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,  
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.  
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,  
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,  
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,  
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,  
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean  
should boil:

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonnail,<sup>1</sup>  
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

<sup>1</sup> Bonail', or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!  
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;  
Be prolong'd as regret that his vassals must know,  
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:  
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,  
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,  
To measure the seas and to study the skies:  
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,  
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back—  
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,  
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

### IMITATION

#### OF THE PRECEDING SONG.

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,  
When he saw his loved Lord from his people depart.  
Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard  
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the bard;  
Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale,  
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland border a minstrel came forth,  
And he waited the hour that some bard of the north  
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,  
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;  
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael,  
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the minstrel exclaim,  
Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?  
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,  
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,  
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail,  
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,  
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue;  
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose  
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;  
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,  
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,  
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;  
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,—  
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell!  
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,  
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear to thy grief,  
For thy clan and thy country, the cares of a chief,  
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,  
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,  
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail,  
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!



## WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN.

## HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

## FROM THE GAELIC.

This song appears to be imperfect, or at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wander'd o'er  
Since last we parted on the shore;  
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,  
Safe on that shore again!—  
"T was valiant Lachlan gave the word:  
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:  
He call'd his kindred bands on board,  
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian! is to ocean gone;  
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;  
Rejoicing in the glory won  
In many a bloody broil:  
For wide is heard the thundering fray,  
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,  
When from the twilight glens away  
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

i. e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian

Woe to the hills that shall rebound  
Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening sound ;  
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round  
    Shall shake their inmost cell.  
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,  
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays ;  
The fools might face the lightning's blaze  
    And wisely and as well !

## SAINT CLOUD.

SORT spread the southern summer night  
Her veil of darksome blue ;  
Ten thousand stars combined to light  
    The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,  
Like breath of lover true,  
Bewailing the deserted pride  
    And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,  
The bugle wildly blew  
Good night to Hulan and Hussar,  
    That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade  
With broken arms withdrew,  
And silenced was that proud cascade,  
    The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate under its steps of stone,  
Nor could its silence rue,  
When waked, to music of our own,  
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note  
Fall light as summer-dew,  
While through the moonless air they float,  
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet  
His waters never knew,  
Though music's self was wont to meet  
With princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,  
The circle round her drew,  
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear  
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,  
Then give those hours their due,  
And rank among the foremost class  
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

PARIS, Sept. 5, 1815.

## ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition, to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,

But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine :

" And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven, " was still the soldier's prayer,

" That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he grav'd it with his sword,  
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his lord ;

Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,

" Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,

" The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid,—

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine

That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine ;

And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,

Cried, " Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair !"

## THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,  
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
Beneath his lady's window came,  
And thus he sung his last good-morrow :  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true love's bower ;  
Gaily for love and fame to fight  
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head  
And harp in hand, the descant rung,  
As faithful to his favourite maid,  
The minstrel-burthen still he sung :  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
Resolved for love and fame to fight,  
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

E'en when the battle-roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,  
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,  
And still was heard his warrior-lay ;  
" My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
For love to die, for fame to fight,  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."—

Alas ! upon the bloody field  
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,  
But still, reclining on his shield,  
Expiring sung the exulting stave :

“ My life it is my country’s right,  
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;  
 For love and fame to fall in fight  
 • Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

FROM 'THE FRENCH.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,  
 By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,  
 But could not settle whether Reason  
 Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,  
 ’T was bad example for a deity—  
 He takes me Reason for his wife,  
 And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,  
 He loved them both in equal measure ;  
 Fidelity was born of Reason,  
 And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB  
 OF SCOTLAND.

O DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,  
 When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter’d in vain,  
 And, beholding broad Europe bow’d down by her  
 foemen,  
 PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!

Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave  
spirit

To take for his country the safety of shame;  
O then in her triumph remember his merit,  
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the  
furrow,

The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,  
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,  
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;  
He may die ere his children shall reap in their  
gladness,

But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his  
claim,  
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,  
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,  
In toils for our country preserved by his care,  
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,  
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;  
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,  
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,  
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,  
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,  
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,  
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,  
The shout of his people applauding his Son;

By his firmness unmoved in success or disaster,  
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!  
With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his Master,  
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his  
name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad  
measure,

The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,  
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright  
treasure,

The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd!  
Fill WELLINGTON'S cup till it beam like his glory,

Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆNE;  
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their  
story,

And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

## SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE  
OF BUCCLEUCH,

*At a great Foot-ball Match on Carterhaugh.*

From the brown crest of Newark its summons ex-  
tending,

Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame  
And each forester blithe, from his mountain de-  
scending,

Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.



## CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,  
 She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;  
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,  
 With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,  
 At the glance of her crescents he paused and with-  
 drew,  
 For around them were marshall'd the pride of the  
 Borders,  
 The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of Buccleuch.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,  
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen sur-  
 round ;  
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn  
 her,  
 A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

We forget each contention of civil dissension,  
 And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and  
 CAR ;  
 And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle.  
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

Thou strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,  
 And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,  
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather.  
 And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure  
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,  
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,  
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Land-ward,  
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-nook;  
And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard,  
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke!

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,  
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;  
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,  
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

THE END.







